Rodeheaver Collection for Male Voices

C. McGinn

Rodeheaver Collection For Male Voices

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY QUARTETS AND CHORUSES FOR MEN

Consisting of

Gospel Songs—new and old—the popular songs used in the "Billy" Sunday Campaigns; many adaptations from Standard Authors; old familiar hymns, newly arranged; secular songs; Plantation melodies; Prohibition songs and special selections.

Edited and compiled by
DR. J. B. HERBERT

The RODEHEAVER
HALL-MACK *Co.*
WINONA LAKE, INDIANA
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Publishers' Preface

THE RODEHEAVER COLLECTION FOR MALE VOICES contains new quartets, new choruses, new arrangements, new adaptations, gospel songs, original and selected, old favorites, standard hymns, a secular department, Prohibition songs, Plantation melodies and special selections. Besides the compositions and arrangements by the Editor, there are contributions by Rodeheaver, Gabriel, Towner, Ackley, Fillmore, Bottorf, Black and others. A striking feature of this work is the large number of arrangements and adaptations from standard authors, such as Abt, Ascher, Bishop, Barnby, Chopin, Gottschalk, Kücken, Lassen, Pinsuti, Tosti and Wallace; also from familiar Welsh, Irish, French and German airs. Some of the choicest hymn tunes and old favorites of Mason, Bradbury, Hastings, Woodbury, Root, Bliss and others are also incorporated in this work.

The insertion of a number of Plantation songs, so arranged as to preserve their original characteristics, is a new departure in books of this class and one, we believe, which will be received with favor.

To furnish still further variety, a department of secular selections has been added, including a few well-chosen Prohibition songs. The work closes with selections suitable for concerts and special occasions.

This collection, the Publishers confidently believe, will be found to contain a wider range of subjects and a greater variety in musical setting than any other work heretofore offered to the public.

THE RODEHEAVER COMPANY

The Rodeheaver Collection for Male Voices

1 Heaven Is My Home.

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Rev. Thos. R. Taylor. Abt, arr.

Melody in Baritone.

1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home; Dan - ger and sor - row stand
2. What tho' the tem - pest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil - grim - age, Heav'n is my home; And time's wild win - 'try blast
3. There, at my Sav - ior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home. There are the good and blest,
4. There-fore I mur - mur not, Heav'n is my home; What-e'er my earth - ly lot, Heav'n is my home: And I shall sure - ly stand

Round me on ev -'ry hand; Heav'n is my father-land, Heav'n is my home.
Soon shall be o - ver-past; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
Those I love most and best; And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
There at my Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my father-land, Heav'n is my home.

I Love Thy Word.

MALE VOICES.

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Psalm 119. Homer A. Rodeheaver.

Observe carefully expression marks.

m

1. Thy word have I hid in my heart, I love Thy word;
2. Thy law to me is bet - ter far, I love Thy word;
3. Howsweet are all Thy words of truth, I love Thy word;
4. Thy word's a lamp un - to my feet, I love Thy word;

O Lord, Thou ev - er bless - ed art, I love Thy word.
Than rich - est gold and sil - ver are, I love Thy word..
Than hon - ey sweet - er to my mouth, I love Thy word.
And to my path a shin - ing light, I love Thy word.

p

I love Thy word; Thy ho - ly law is
I love Thy word..... Thy word;

m p

I love Thy word;

p * pp

my de - light; I love Thy word, I love Thy word.

*Last time, hum two closing measures.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

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Lowell Mason.
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!....
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down,....
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n;...
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise,....
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky,.....

E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me;.....
Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone,.....
All that Thou send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n;.....
Out of my ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise;.....
Sun, moon and stars for - got, Up - ward I fly,.....

mf *rit.*

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee;.....
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee;.....
An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee;.....
So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee;.....
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee;.....

1. Still all my song shall be,..... Nearer, my God, to Thee, to Thee;.....

1. Still all my song shall be, Near - er to Thee;.....

a tempo. *p* *rall.*

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!.....
Near - er, near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, near - er, near - er to Thee!

4 When the Mists Have Rolled Away.

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Annie Herbert. J. B. Herbert.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the beau - ty of the hills,
2. If we err in hu-man blind-ness, And for - get that we are dust;
3. When the mists have risen a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows His own,

And the sun - shine, warm and ten-der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
If we miss the law of kindness, When we strug - gle to be just;
Face to face with those who love us, We shall know as we are known;

p *cres.*

We may read love's shin - ing let - ter In the rain - bow
Snow - y wings of peace shall cov - er All the an - guish
Low be - yond the ori - ent mead-ows, Floats the gold - en

cres.

of the spray; We shall know each oth - er bet - ter, When the
of to - day; When the wear - y watch is o - ver, And the
fringe of day; Heart to heart we'll bide the shad-ows, Till the

ff *dim e rit.*

mists have rolled a - way, When the mists have rolled a - way.
mists have rolled a - way, And the mists have rolled a - way.
mists have rolled a - way, Till the mists have rolled a - way.

In Heavenly Love.

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Lassen.
Arr'd for this work.

p

1. In heaven-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wherev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;

m *p*

And safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing changes here.
My Shep - herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack.
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been.

m *cres.* *f*

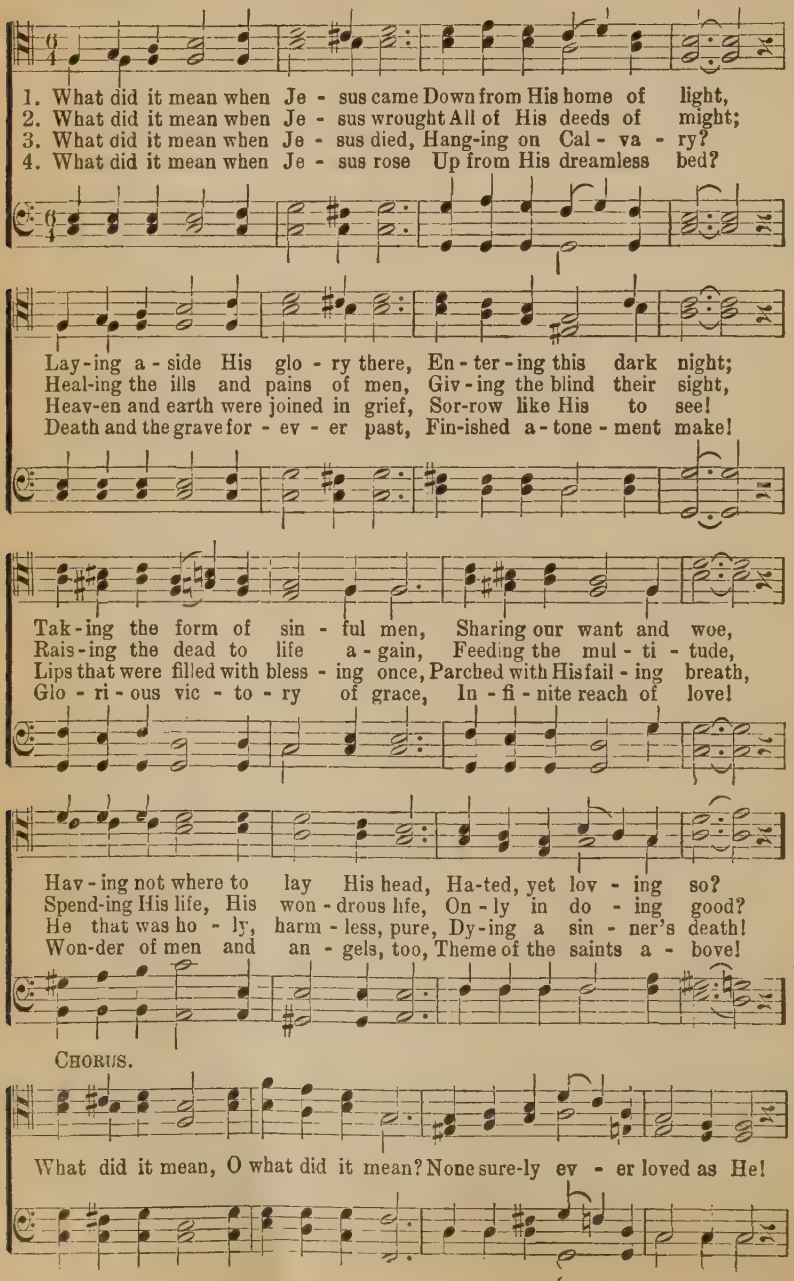
The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim,
My hope I can - not mea - sure, My path to life is free,

rall.

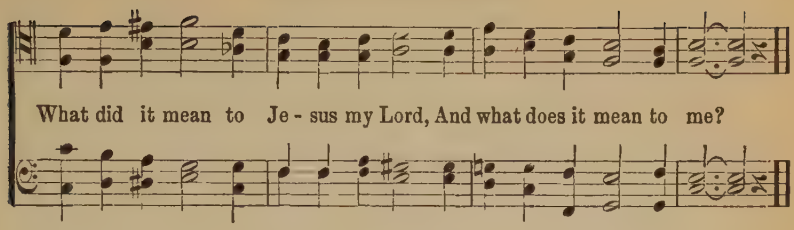
But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
My Sav - ior has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

What Did It Mean?

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.



What Did It Mean?



7 A Little While.

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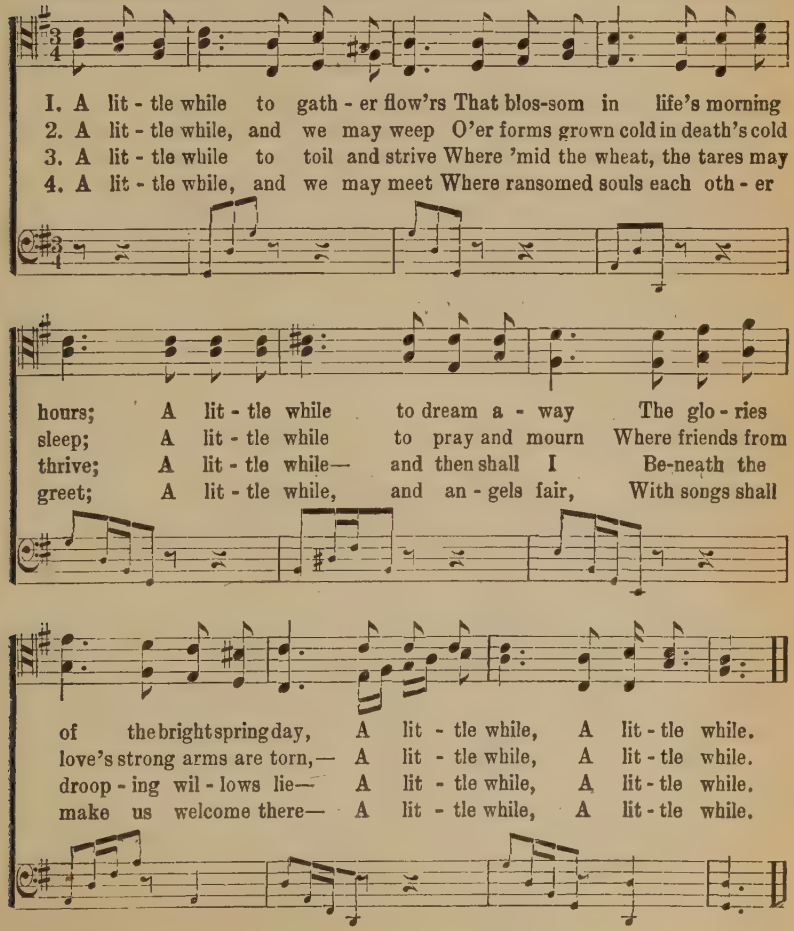
Adapted by Jennie Ree. Chas. H. Gabriel.



Better Every Day.

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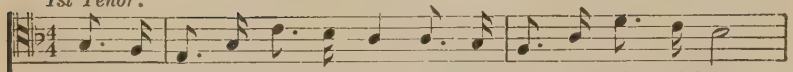
Alice Horton. James M. Black.

1st Tenor.

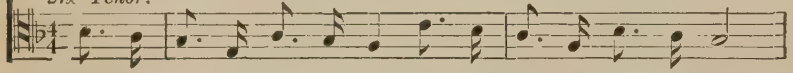


1. { When the shad-ows dark and drear tempt my soul to doubt and fear,
   { He has kept me thro' the years, wiped a-way my bit-ter tears,

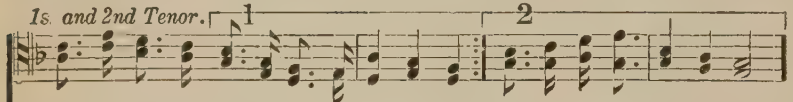
2. { O how sweet the joy He gives for with-in my soul He lives;
   { All the bless-ed way a-long, He has filled my soul with song,

3. { I, by faith, the face can see, of the Lord who died for me,
   { I will praise Him ev-er-more, shout His glo-ry o'er and o'er,

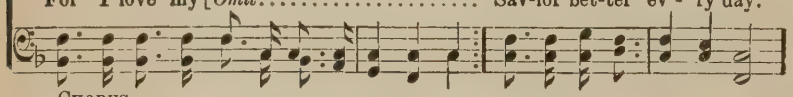
2nd Tenor.



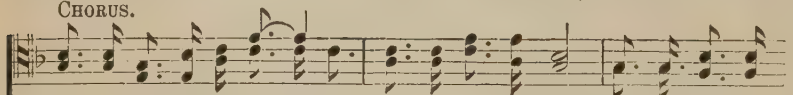
1st and 2nd Tenor.



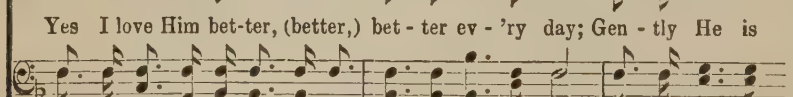
I will look to Je-sus, for He knows the way:
And I love my [*Omit*..... Sav-ior bet-ter ev-'ry day.
All my heav-y bur-den at His feet I lay;
And I love my [*Omit*..... Sav-ior bet-ter ev-'ry day.
As He gen-tly whis-pers to me, by the way;
For I love my [*Omit*..... Sav-ior bet-ter ev-'ry day.



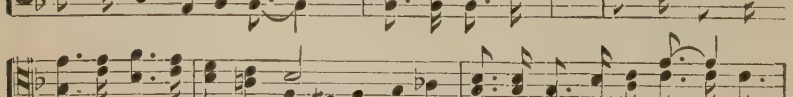
CHORUS.



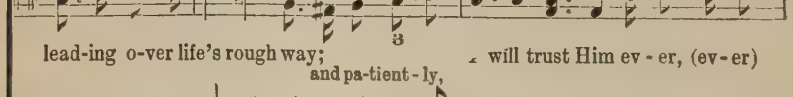
Yes I love Him bet-ter, (better,) bet-ter ev-'ry day; Gen-tly He is



lead-ing o-ver life's rough way; and pa-tient-ly, I will trust Him ev-er, (ev-er)



trust Him, come what may, For I love my Sav-ior bet-ter ev-'ry day.



9 When the Book is Opened.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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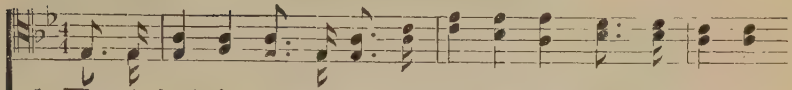
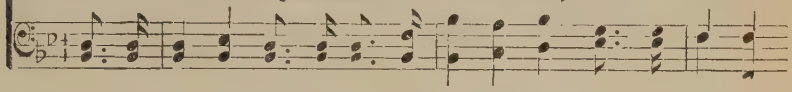
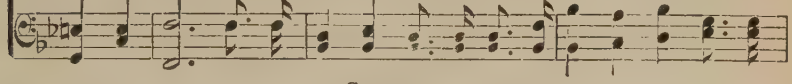
Kem G. Bottorf.



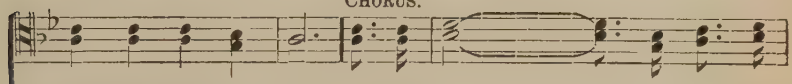
1. When the book is o-pened on the last great day, Will your heart be
2. When the trump is sound-ing thro' the flam - ing skies, When from heav'n the
3. When the book is o-pened and the re - cord read, Will the Christ stand



glad with - in; Will your name be writ-ten on the dear Lord's side, Or a-
Judge descends; Will you stand with those who have re-ject - ed Him, Or a-
by your side; Say-ing, "Right-eous Fa-ther, give to me my own; For this

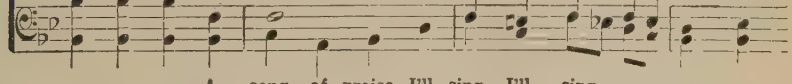


CHORUS.

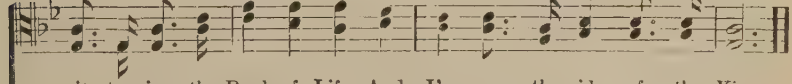


mong the hosts of sin? I shall see..... Him with re-
mong His loy - al friends?
soul I bled and died!" I shall see Him with re-

joic - ing, A song of praise I'll sing;..... My name is
joic - ing, then, I'll sing,..... I'll sing,



A song of praise I'll sing, I'll sing,



writ - ten in the Book of Life, And I'm on the side of the King.

10 Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

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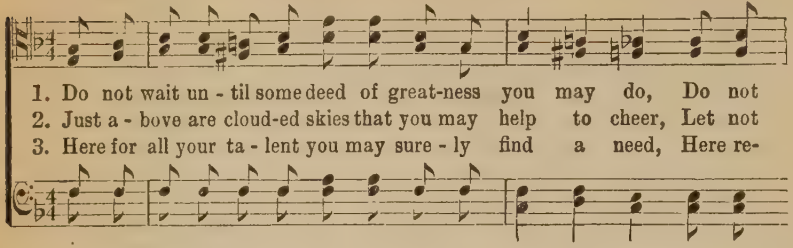
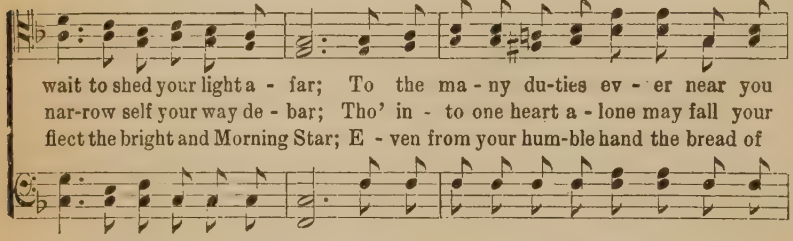
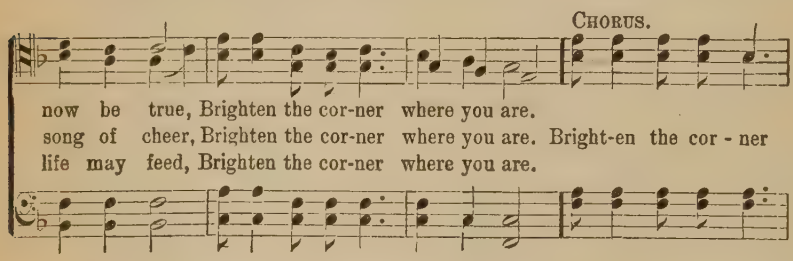
Ina Duley Ogdon. Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to cheer, Let not
3. Here for all your ta - lent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re-

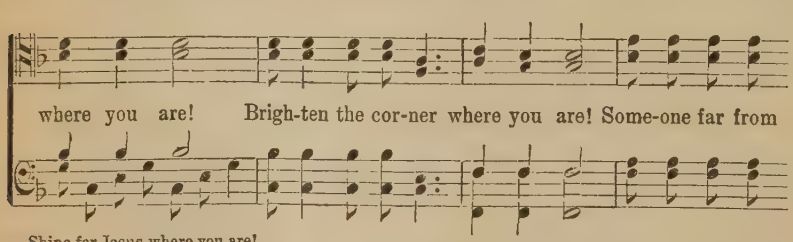


wait to shed your light a - far; To the ma - ny du-ties ev - er near you
nar-row self your way de - bar; Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
flect the bright and Morning Star; E - ven from your hum-ble hand the bread of

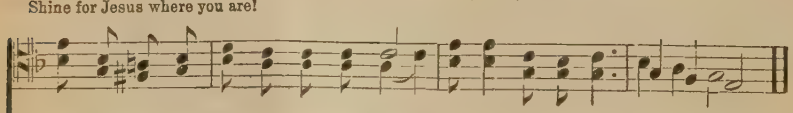


CHORUS.

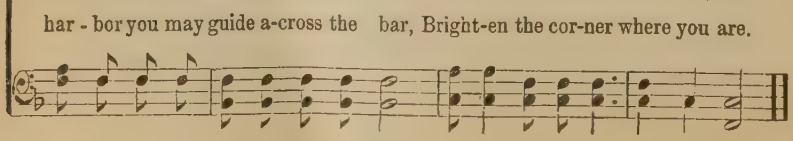
now be true, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Brighten the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor - ner
life may feed, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.



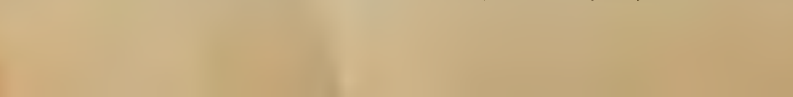
where you are! Brigh-ten the cor-ner where you are! Some-one far from



Shine for Jesus where you are!



har - bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.



Lest We Forget.

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R. Kipling. J. B. Herbert.

BARITONE.

1. God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line,
2. The tumult and the shouting dies, The captains and the kings depart;
3. Far-called our navies melt away, On dune and head-land sinks the fire;

1st and 2nd Tenor.

1. Known of old, bat-tle line,
2. Shout-ing dies, kings de-part;
3. Melt a - way, sinks the fire;

Bass.

Beneath whose awful hand we hold Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine.
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice, An hum - ble and a con - trite heart.
Lo, all our pomp of yes-ter - day, Is one with Nin - e - veh and Tyre.

hand we hold o-ver palm and pine.
sac-ri-fice and a contrite heart.
yes-ter-day, Nin-e-veh and Tyre.

1st and 2nd Tenor.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, be with us yet,

p *rall.*

Lest we.... for - get,... lest we.... for - get.

By and By.

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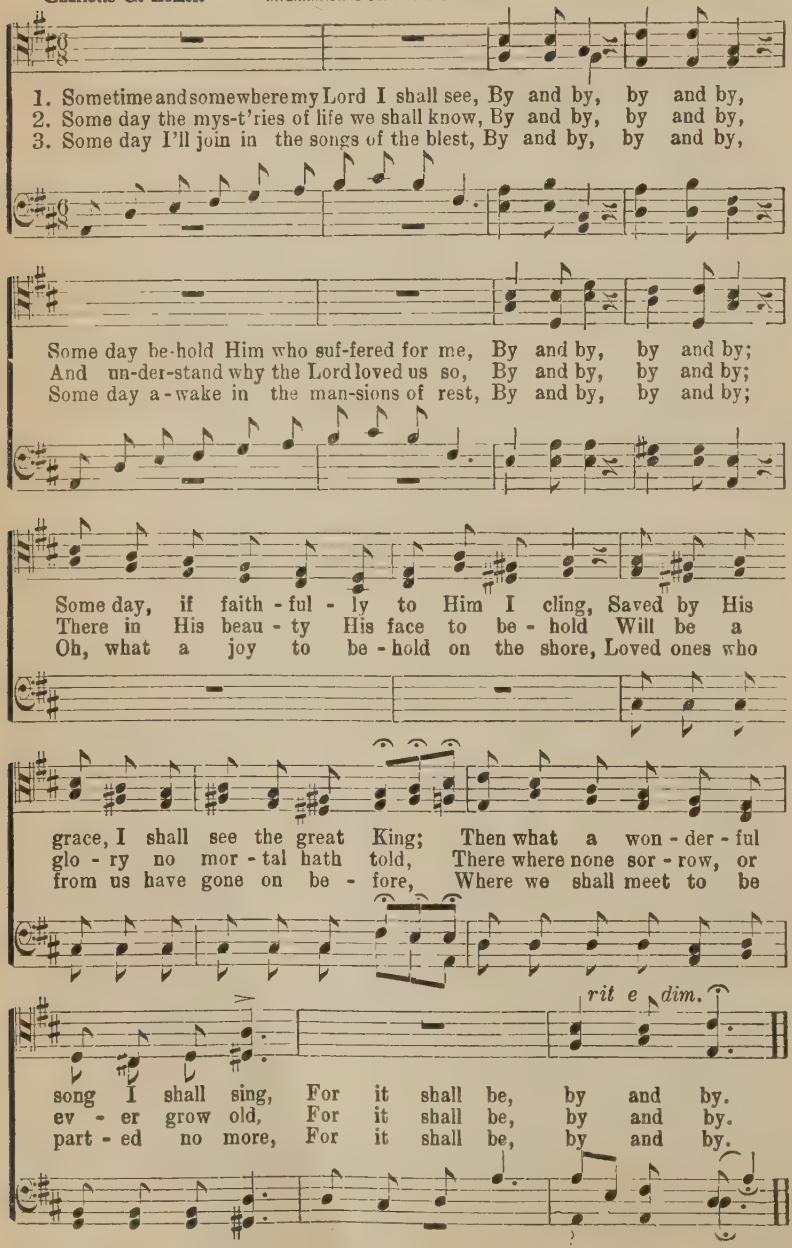
Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.



To Thee, Dear Savior.

Monsell.

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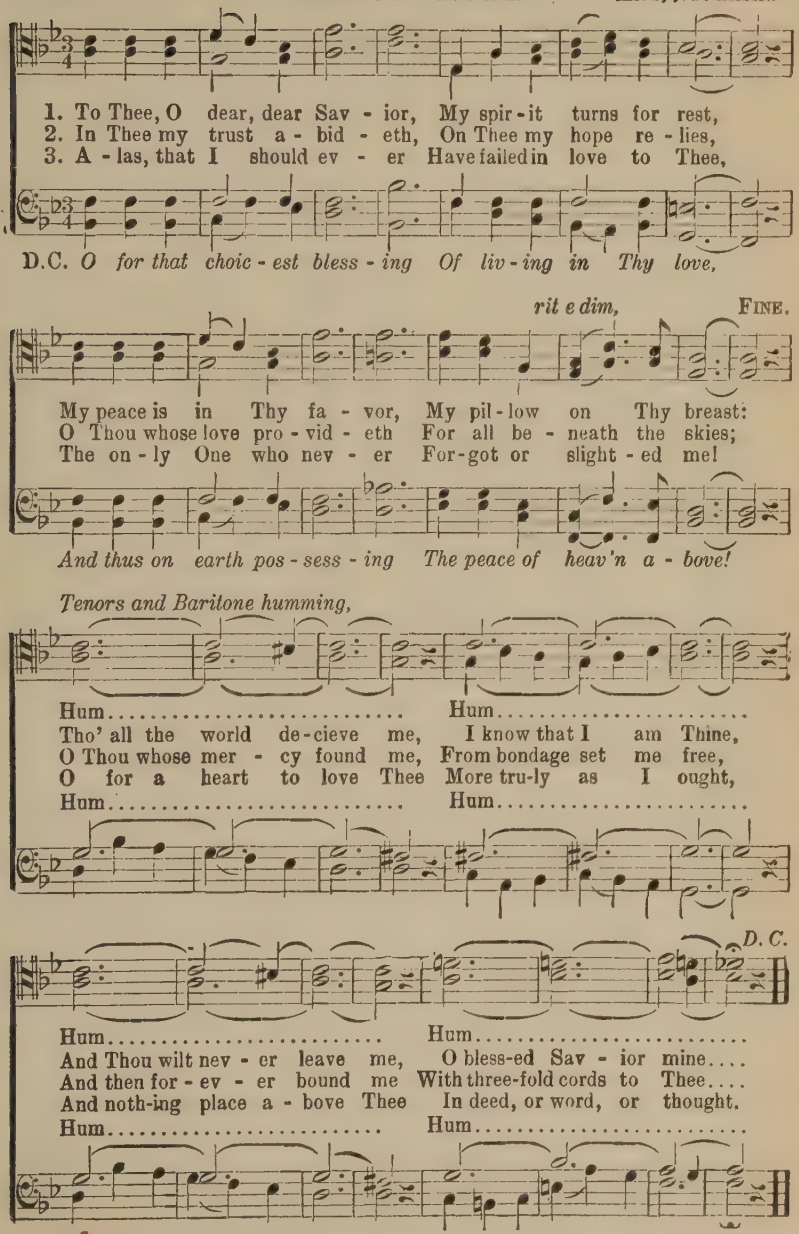
C. Barnard.
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.



14 When You Know Jesus Too.

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Ina Duley Ogdon. B. D. Ackley.

Melody in 2nd Tenor.

1. When you my Je - sus un - der - stand, When you ac - cept His
2. His joy will glad-den ev - 'ry day, His bless-ings shine a-
3. You'll see His mer - cy thro' your tears, His peace will hal - low
4. You'll know His way is al - ways best, And glad-ly leave to

lov-ing hand, A hap-py morn will dawn for you, When you know Jesus too.
long the way, And you will share His promise true, When you know Jesus too.
all the years, The val - ley hold no dread for you, When you know Jesus too.
Him the rest, And tell what He has done for you, When you know Jesus too.

CHORUS.

When you know Him, when you know Him You'll love Him just as oth-ers

do;..... A happy morn will dawn for you, When you know my Jesus too.
as oth-ers do;

15 Christ Stilling the Tempest.

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J. B. Herbert.

f Agitato.

1. Fear was with-in the toss-ing bark, When storm - y winds grew loud,
2. Then ceased the wind,—it ceased—that word Passed thro' the gloom-y sky;
3. Thou that didst rule the an - gry hour, And tame the tem-pest's mood,

And waves came roll - ing high and dark, And the tall mast was bowed:
The troub - led bil - lows knew their Lord, And they sank 'neath His eye;
O send Thy spir - it forth in pow'r, O'er our dark souls to brood:

p *cres.*

And men stood breathless in their dread, And baf - fled in their skill;
And slum - ber set - tled on the deep, And si - lence on the blast;
Thou that didst bow the bil-low's pride, Thy man-dates to ful - fill;

Andante. m *p* *rall.* *pp*

But One was there who rose and said, "Peace be still, peace be still."
As when the righteous fall a-sleep; Peace - ful sleep, peace - ful sleep.
So speak to pas-sion's rag - ing tide, Peace be still, peace be still.

Tell It Today.*

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C. H. G., Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

1. Dear is the sto - ry of won-der - ful love Told of a Sav-ior, who came from a-bove, Bore all our sins, and in sor-row and shame, Suffered and died a lost world to re - claim.
2. Hat - ed, de-spised and re - ject-ed was He Whose word commanded the wind and the sea; By whose compassion the hun-gry were fed, Who healed the living, whose voice raised the dead.
3. Torn were His feet by the bri - ars of scorn; Pierced was His fore-head by man - y a thorn; Wounded for us were His hands and His side, Bro-ken the heart of the Lord cru-ci - fied.
4. When, with the loved ones who've gone on be-fore, Ransomed we stand on that beau - ti - ful shore; When in His beau - ty our Sav-ior we see, Oh, what a glo - ri-ous day that will be.

CHORUS.

Tell it to - day, tell it to - day; No oth - er theme can such bless-ing be-stow; Joy will come to some-one if you tell it to-day.

* The baritone part, being the melody, should be decidedly prominent, the other voices singing as an accompaniment, very subdued.

17 O Love that Will Not Let Me Go.

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Rev. Geo. Matheson. J. B. Herbert.

1st Tenor. *mp* *m*

1. O Love that will not let me go, I rest my wea - ry soul on
2. O Light that foll'w-est all my way, I yield my flick-'ring torch to

2nd Tenor.

3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from

1st and 2nd Bass.

mf *dim.*

Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its
Thee; My heart restores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's blaze its

Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom-ise is not
Thee; I lay in dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms

cres.

flow May rich - er, full - er be, May rich - er full - er be.
day May bright-er, fair - er be, May bright-er fair - er be.

vain That morn shall tearless be, That morn shall tear - less be.
red Life that shall end-less be, Life that shall end - less be.

18 Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me.

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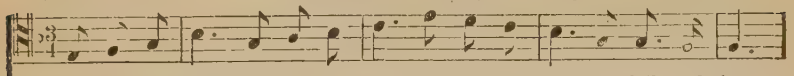
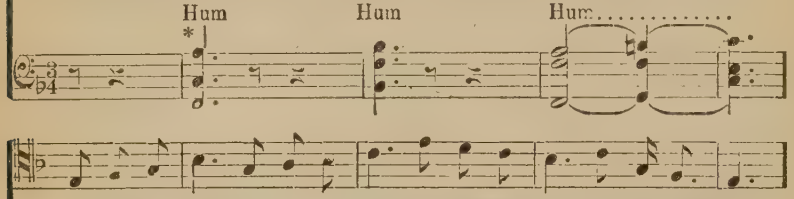
Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ackley.



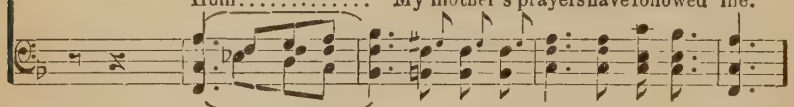
1. I grieved my Lord from day to day, I scorned His love so full and free,
2. O'er des-ert wild, o'er mountain high, A wan-der - er I chose to be,
3. He turned my dark - ness in - to light, This bless-ed Christ of Cal - va - ry;

Hum Hum Hum.....

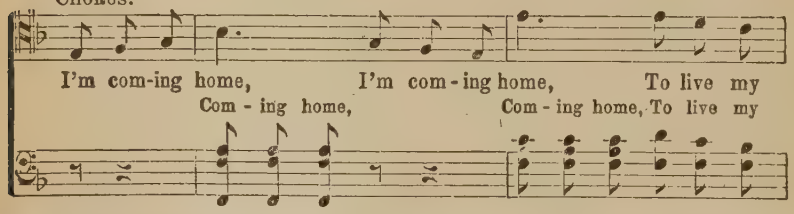


And tho' I wan-dered far a - way, My mother's prayers have followed me.
A wretched soul con-demned to die, Still mother's prayers have followed me.
I'll praise His name both day and night, That mother's prayers have followed me.

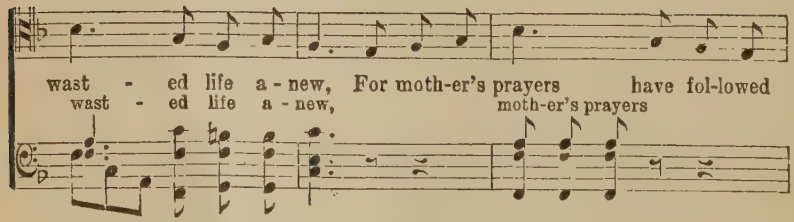
Hum..... My mother's prayers have followed me.



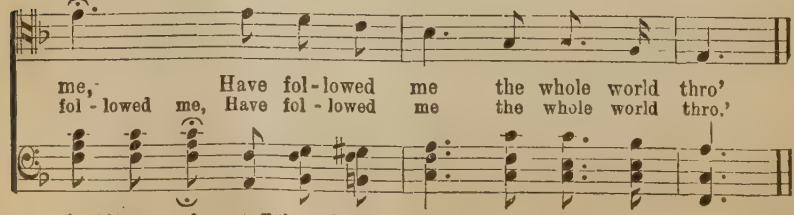
CHORUS.



I'm com-ing home, I'm com - ing home, To live my
Com - ing home, Com - ing home, To live my



wast - ed life a - new, For moth-er's prayers have fol-lowed
wast - ed life a - new, moth-er's prayers



me, Have fol - lowed me the whole world thro'
fol - lowed me, Have fol - lowed me the whole world thro.'

*2nd Tenor on bass staff throughout.

Forever.

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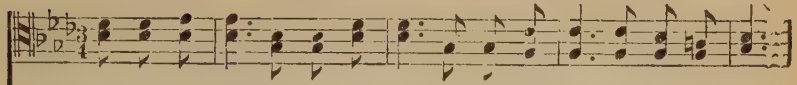
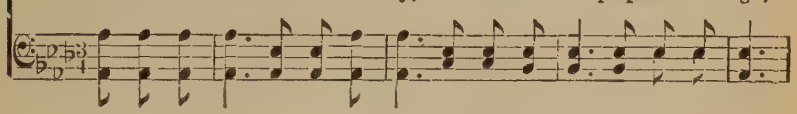
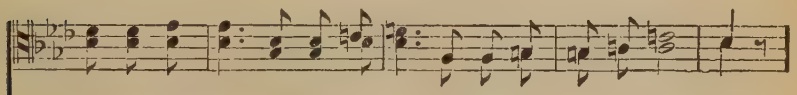
Rev. Johnson Oatman. Tosti. Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

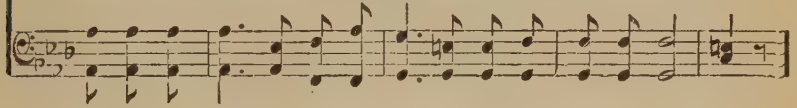


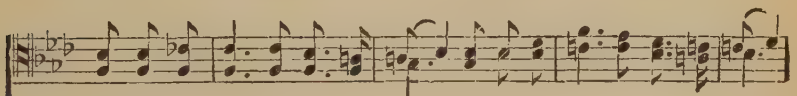
1. My Sav-ior, when I think of Thee, And of Thy death on Cal-va - ry,
2. If shad-ows o'er my way should be, If dark-ness hide Thy face from me,
3. I read that far a-bove the sky, Thou hast a home prepared on high,



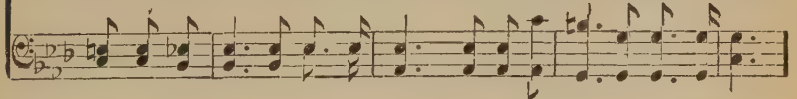


It shows such proof of love to me, My heart is Thine for - ev - er.
E'en tho' the path I may not see, I'll trust Thee, Lord, for-ev - er.
Where I may, while the a - ges fly, Praise Thy dear name for-ev - er.

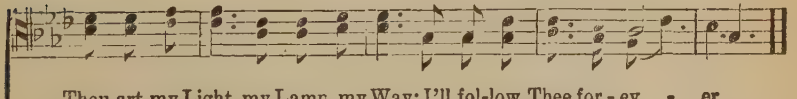




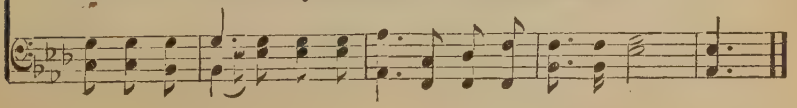
Be Thou my Guide from day to day, O let me nev-er, nev-er stray;
I know that Thou wilt send me light; That day will sure-ly fol - low night;
So I will fol - low, fol-low on, Assured that when the night is gone,



rit e dim.



Thou art my Light, my Lamp, my Way; I'll fol-low Thee for - ev - er.
And at the end all will be right; Lord, I'll love Thee for - ev - er.
And that e - ter - nal day shall dawn, I'll live with Thee for - ev - er.



20 Strong Son of God.

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Tennyson. J. B. Herbert.

1. Strong Son of God, Im-mor-tal Love, Whom we that have not seen Thy face,
2. Thou wilt not leave us in the dust; Thou madest man, he knows not why,
3. Thou seem-est hu-man and di-vine, The high-est, ho-liest man-hood, Thou;
4. Our lit-tle sys-tems have their day; They have their day and cease to be;

By faith, and faith a-lone em-brace, Be-liev-ing where we can-not prove;
He thinks he was not made to die; And Thou hast made him; Thou art just;
Our wills are ours, we know not how; Our wills are ours to make them Thine;
They are but bro-ken lights of Thee; And Thou, O Lord, are more than they;

After each stanza. *rall.* *pp*

Strong Son of God, Im-mor-tal Love. . . . . .
Im-mor-tal Love.

21 Softly Now the Light of Day.

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J. B. Herbert.

p *Slow and sustained.*

1. Soft-ly now the light of day, Fades up-on our sight a-way;
2. Soon for us the light of day, Shall for-ev-er pass a-way;

rall. *adagio.*

Free from care, from la-bor free, Lord, we would commune with Thee.
Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee. A-men.

Jesus, Savior.

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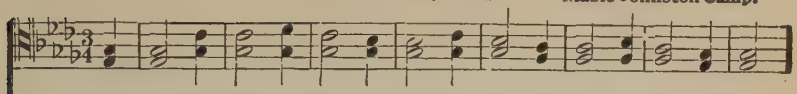
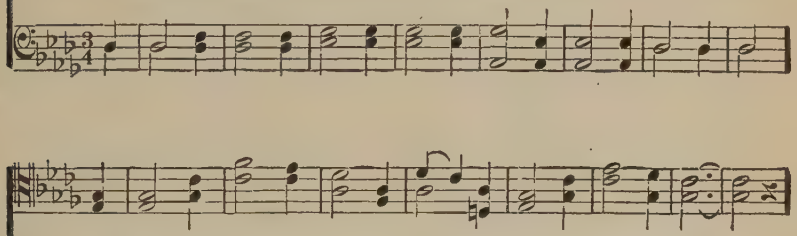
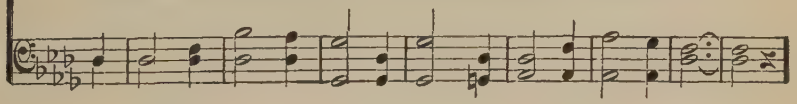
M. J. C. Mable Johnston Camp.



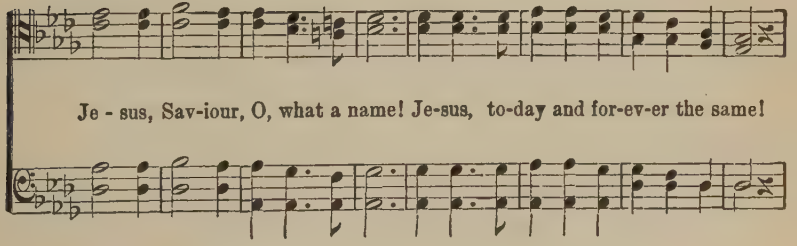
1. Be - hold the Man of Gal-i-lee, Thorn-crown'd He hangs up-on the tree;
2. See how His flesh by nails is torn, Each wound the mark of hate and scorn;
3. The veil is rent, dark grow the skies, "Tis finished!" loud the Saviour cries;
4. O, Sav-iour, when I view Thy cross, All earth-ly gain I count but loss;



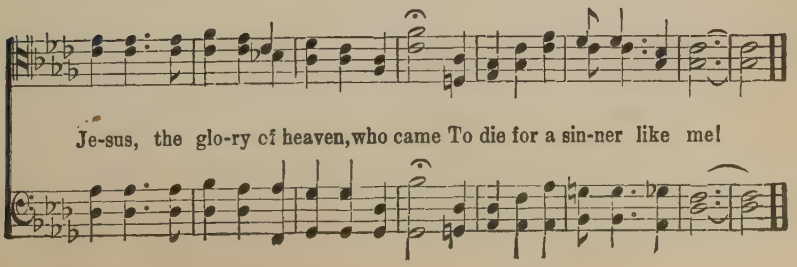
Know-ing the depths of ag - o - ny To save me from my sins.
Yet free - ly shame and death is borne To save me from my sins.
And heav'n it - self weeps as He dies To save me from my sins.
Take Thou my heart, purge out the dross, And save me from my sins.



CHORUS.



Je - sus, Sav-iour, O, what a name! Je-sus, to-day and for-ev-er the same!



Je-sus, the glo-ry of heaven, who came To die for a sin-ner like me!

It's Up to You.

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Lizzie DeArmond. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. It's up to you to make a fight For all that's good, and true and right;
2. It's up to you some soul to win, Who wan-ders now in paths of sin;
3. It's up to you to live each day In such a con - se - crat-ed way;

To show by things you say and do, How much the Lord has done for you.
To tell of Christ the Cru - ci-fied, Who for the whole wide world has died.
That weaker ones that round you throng, May learn to sing re-demption's song.

CHORUS.

It's up to you,..... it's up to you,..... Great
It's up to you, it's up to you.

things for Christ your Lord to do, To live for Him your whole life

thro'... It's up to you,..... it's up to you.
It's up to you.

The Crown of Thorns.

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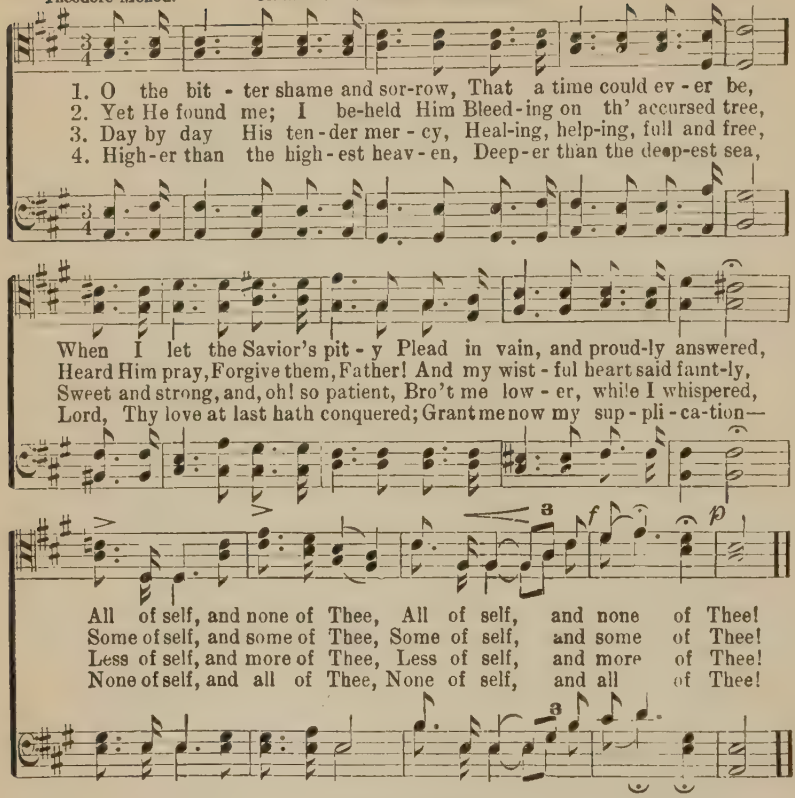
John R. Clements. Marie D. Forrest.

1. De-spised and re-ject-ed; Ac-quaint-ed with grief; In sor-row He suf-fered To bring man re-lief; His path-way was sor-rows, His pil-low was thorns, And those make the crown that His fore-head a-dorns,
2. O love all sur-pass-ing, A-maz-ing to see; To bear un-com-plaining These sor-rows for me; His path-way was sor-rows, His
3. Like sheep we have wandered; Each turned to his way; The Lord on the Shepherd The bur-dens must lay; His path-way was sor-rows, His
4. O sad Man of Sor-rows, So lit-tle esteemed; In an-guish more try-ing Than mor-tal has dreamed; His path-way was sor-rows, His

And those make the crown that His fore-head a-dorns.
His head a-dorns,

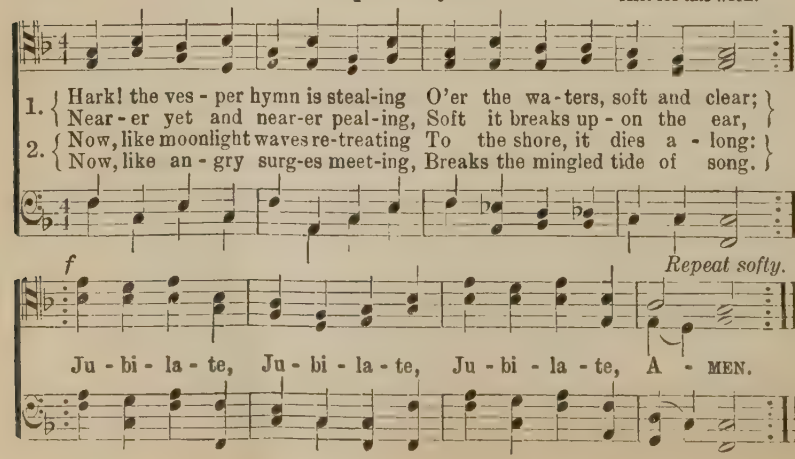
25 O The Bitter Shame.

Theodore Monod. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. J. B. Herbert.



26 Vesper Hymn.

Arr. for this work.



There is a Fountain.

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Arr. by
J. B. Herbert.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day;
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup - ply,
4. And when this lisp-ing, stammering tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,

mf

And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains,
And there have I, as vile as he, Washed all my sins a - way,
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,
Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

f *rit.* *p*

Lose all their guilt-y stains,.... Lose all their guilt-y stains;
Washed all my sins a - way,..... Washed all my sins a - way;
And shall be till I die,..... And shall be till I die;
I'll sing Thy power to save,..... I'll sing Thy power to save;

a tempo. *f* *rit.*

And sinners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there have I, as vile as he, Washed all my sins a - way.
Re - deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing Thy power to save.

Home, Heavenly Home.

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Arr. for this work by
J. B. Herbert.

1st Tenor.

1. My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor
2. My Fa-ther's home is built on high, Far, far a-
3. Its glitt'r-ing tow'rs the sun out - shine; That heav'n-ly

2nd Tenor.

1. Heav'n-ly home, bright and fair;
2. Fa-ther's house, built on high,
3. Glitt'ring tow'rs, sun out-shine,

death shall en - ter there.
bove the star - ry sky. I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing
man - - sion shall be mine.

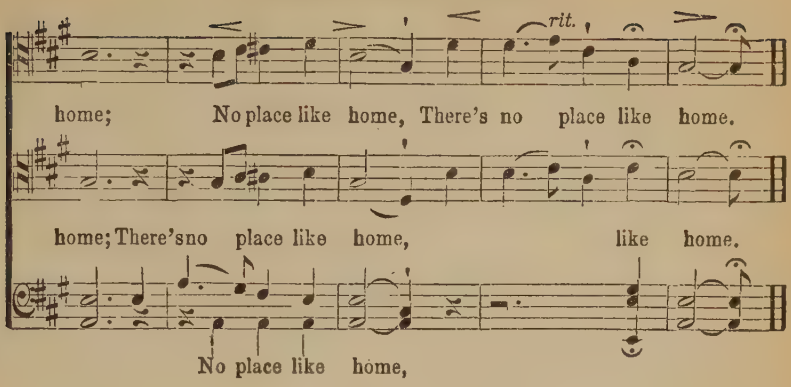
Pain nor death shall en - ter there,
Far a - bove the star - ry sky. Go - ing home,
Heav'nly man-sion shall be mine.

m *p*

home, I'm go-ing home to die no more. Home, home, sweet, sweet

go-ing home, going home to die no more. Home, home, sweet sweet

Home, Heavenly Home.



29 Perfect Peace.

Bishop Bickersteth.

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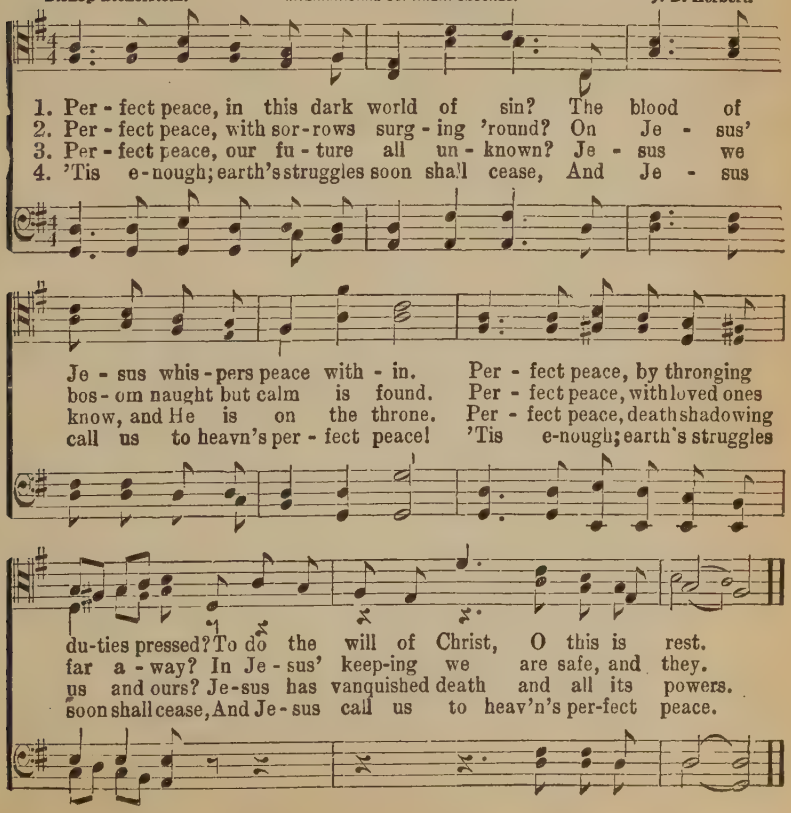
Arr. from Chopin by J. B. Herbert.



Some Mother Prays For You.

A. H. A.

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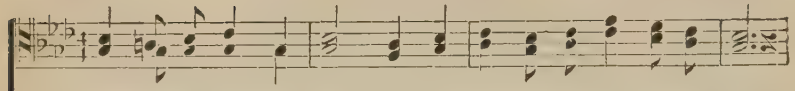
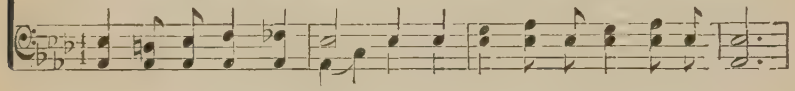
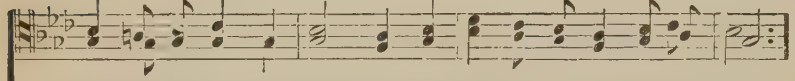
Rev. A. H. Ackley.

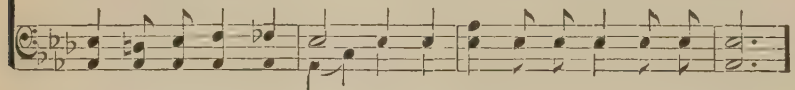


1. Some mother's heart is bur - dened With sor-row that sil - vers the hair;
2. Some mother's hands are trem - bling, That once were so stead - y and strong,
3. Some mother's prayers are of - fered For one that is way-ward and wild;
4. Some mother's life is end - ed, Her spir - it has gone to its home.

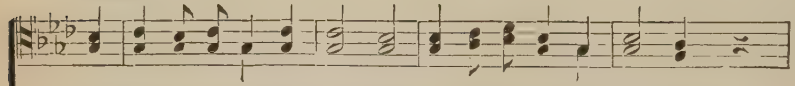




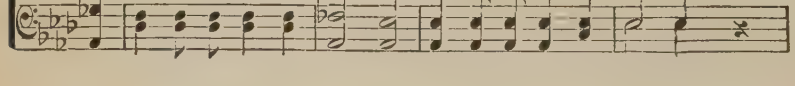
Dim - ming the eye with tear - drops, And fill - ing her life with de - spair.
Some mother's form is bend - ing, Her voice sings a sor - row-ful song.
Friend-less, despised, for - sak - en; Still you are some moth - er's child.
Span - ning the si - lent riv - er, Her love still en-treats you to come.

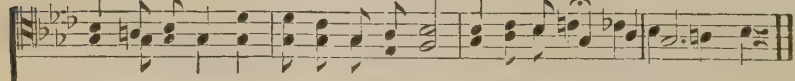


CHORUS.



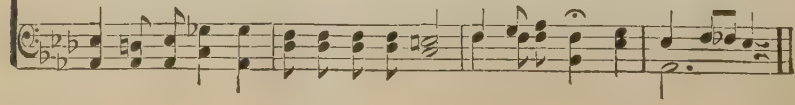
O some mother's heart is ach - ing, Some mother's heart is break-ing;





Tho' you have wandered, mother's love is true; Some mother prays for you.

for you.



31 Who Givest All.

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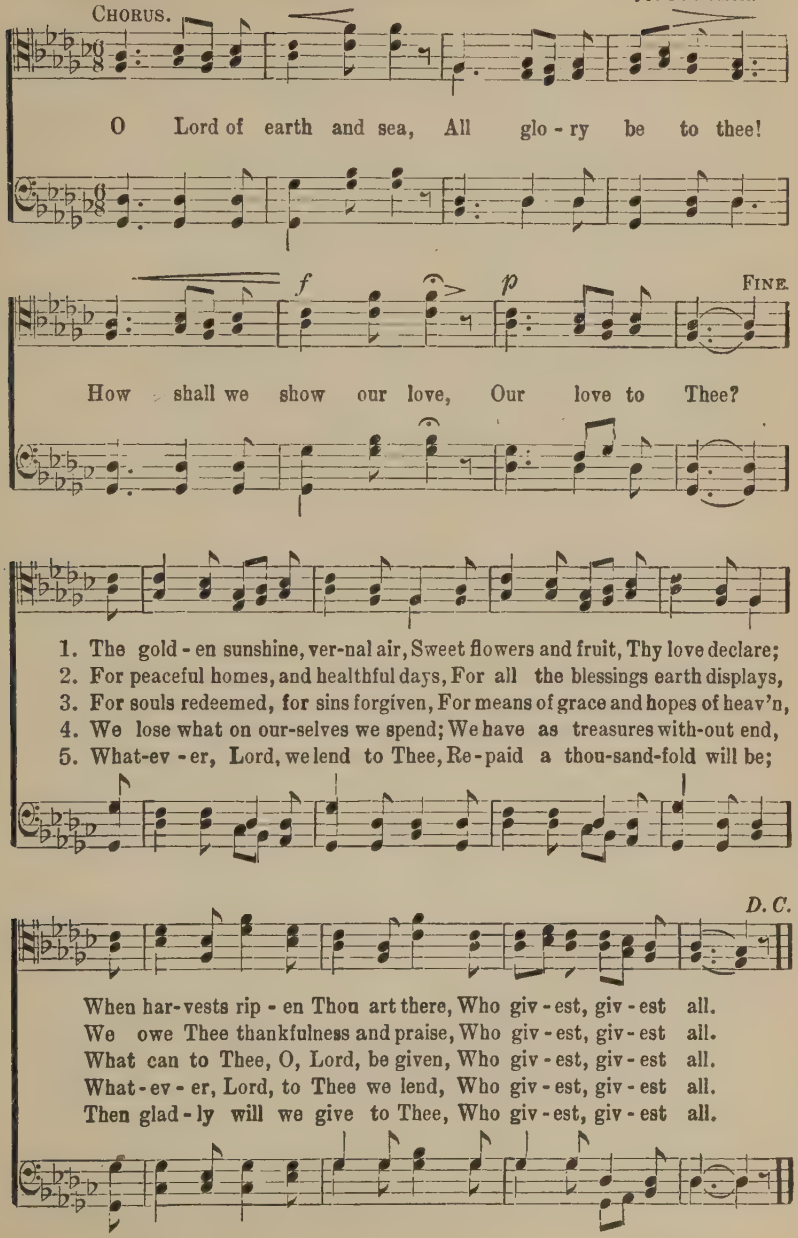
Christopher Wordsworth. Arr. from the German by J. B. Herbert.



32 When I Think How They Crucified My Lord.

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Slow and Solemn. Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1. When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord, (Hum) When I think how they
2. When I think how He hung up - on the cross, (Hum) When I think how He
3. When I think how He groaned and bled and died (Hum) When I think how He
4. When I think how they laid Him in the tomb, (Hum) When I think how they

pp *m*

cru - ci - fied my Lord, How it makes me tremble, tremble, When I
hung up - on the cross, How it makes me tremble, tremble, When I
groaned and bled and died, How it makes me tremble, tremble, When I
laid Him in the tomb, (Oh) . . . How it makes me tremble, tremble, When I

rit e dim. *D.C. for 2d, 3d, 4th stanzas.* *Last stanza.* *Joyfully and much faster.*

think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord.
think how He hung up - on the cross. 5. When I think how He rose from the
think how He groaned and bled and died.
think how they laid Him in the tomb.

cres.

grave, (Hal-le-lu-jah!) When I think how He rose from the grave,
Hal-le-lu-jah!

f *Slower.* *rit.*

How it fills my heart with gladness, When I think how He rose from the grave!

Don't Give Up.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Don't give up, my brother, when the way is hard; O - ver ston-y plac-es God will
2. Don't give up, my brother, when the tempests blow; There's a happy springtime after
3. Don't give up, my brother, when the foe is strong; God on high is rul - ing o - ver

guide and guard; With His words of promise ev-'ry night is starred, Don't give up, press
win-ter's snow; Storm-y winds are helping precious fruit to grow; Don't give up, press
ev - 'ry wrong; When temptations meet you, lift a trustful song; Don't give up, press

CHORUS.

on, press on! Don't give up, press on, press on,
Don't give up, ... press on, press on: ..... For soon the

The vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry will be won; Aft-er dark - - est
vic - - - t'ry will be won; Aft-er dark-est

mid-night comes the golden dawn; Don't give up, press on, press on!
Don't give up, ... press on, press on!

Beulah Land, My Home.

L. B. Cherington

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Henry S. Demos.

1. I'm think - ing now of a beau - ti - ful home, Beulah Land, Beulah Land,
2. Here I shall join in the songs that I love, Beulah Land, Beulah Land,
3. I see in my vi-sions the heav-en-ly shore, Beulah Land, Beulah Land,

A heav - en of rest from the per - il - ous storm; Beulah
And list to the anthems and chor - us a - bove, Beulah
And man-sions pre-pared by the Christ I a - dore; Beulah

Land, sweet Beu - lah Land. 'Tis the long "Prom-ised Land" the
Land, sweet Beu - lah Land. From moun - tain to mountain and
Land, sweet Beu - lah Land. The friends of my journey and

faith - ful ones share, Where light grow the bur - dens they bear;
o - ver the plain, The chor - us re - ech - oes a - gain,
youth now are near, Al - read - y their voic - es I hear;

Beulah Land, My Home.

Where the corn and the wine make the merry heart glad, in Beulah Land, my home.
While an - gel - ic voic - es take up the refrain, "O Beulah Land, my home."
While faith claims the vision that pierces the skies, O Beulah Land, my home!

CHORUS.

O Beu - lah Land, sweet Beu - lah Land, My

Beu-lah Land, Beu-lah Land, Beu-lah Land, Beu-lah Land, My

1

heav'n - - ly home, So dear to me!

heav'nly home, my heav'nly home, So dear, so dear to me!

2

heav'n - - ly home, I long for thee!

heav'nly home, my heav'nly home, I long for thee!

It Was Midnight.

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John R. Clements. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. It was mid-night, when my Sav-ior
1. It was mid-night when my Sav-ior Prayed on
2. It was mid-night when my Sav-ior In the
3. Oft at mid-night have His serv-ants, Like as
4. Dark as mid-night is the path-way By which
5. If at mid-night He shall call me, As to

Prayed on yon-der moun-tain steep; And it may be
yon-der moun-tain steep;..... And it may be He is
gar-den sweat in blood;..... When by all His friend for-
Paul and Si-las, prayed;..... Till the ver-y earth was
some are called to go; ..... But this sheds a beam of
earth He comes a-gain;..... May my lamp be trimmed and

ritard.

He is ask-ing That I vig-il with Him keep.
ask-ing That I vig - - - - - - il with Him keep.
sak-en, He that bit - - - - - - ter test-ing stood.
shak-en, And the hand..... of e-vil stayed.
com-fort: Je-sus all..... the way doth know.
burn-ing, So that I..... with Him may reign.

CHORUS.

O, the sol-emn hour of mid-night, Still-ness
O, the sol-emn hour of mid-night,

It Was Midnight.

o - ver all is thrown— Oft - en deep - - - est depths of
Still-ness o-ver all is thrown— Oft-en deep-est

dark - ness— Hour my Sav - ior kept..... a - lone.
depths of dark-ness— Hour my Sav-ior kept a - lone.

36 To the Hills.

Psalm 121. Dr. Geo. F. Root.

1. { To the hills I lift mine eyes, Whence my hopes of help a - rise;
From the Lord comes all my aid, Who the earth and heav'n hath made; }
2. { God thy keep-er still shall stand As a shade on thy right hand;
Nei-ther sun by day shall smite, Nor the si - lent moon by night; }

He will ev - er be thy guide, And thy foot shall nev - er slide;
God shall guard from ev - 'ry ill, Keep thy soul in safe - ty still;

God, His Is - ra - el that keeps, Nev - er slum - bers, nev - er sleeps.
Both, with-out and in thy door He will keep thee ev - er - more.

Come, Blest Redeemer.

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Arr. from Ascher for this work.

pp *cres.*

1. O come, b'est Re-deem-er! A - bide Thou with me. Come gladden my
2. With-out Thee but weakness, with Thee I am strong; By day Thou shalt
3. Thy love, oh how faith-ful! so ten - der, so pure: Thy promise, faith's

m

spir - it, that wait - eth for Thee. Thy smile ev - 'ry shad - ow shall
lead me, by night be my song; Tho' dan-gers surround me, I
an - chor, how stead - fast and sure! That love, like sweet sunshine, my

chase from my heart, And soothe ev - 'ry sor-row, Tho' keen be the smart.
still ev - 'ry fear, Since Thou, the Most Mighty, My Help-er, art near.
cold heart can warm, That prom - ise make steady My soul in the storm.

p CHORUS.

Come,..... Come!..... a - bide with me;
O come, blest Re-deem-er! A - bide Thou with me;

cres. *f* *rall.* *pp*

A - bide.....
A - bide Thou with me. A - bide..... Thou with me.

f

The Lord of Hosts Shall Reign.

Rev. Johnson Oatman.

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From Pinsuti.
Rewritten and simplified
by J. B. Herbert.

1. O - ver all the might-y deep, O - ver hill and o - ver plain,
2. See, the light is break-ing now, E'en tho' men His pow'r dis - dain;
3. Je - sus for all sin a-toned; Think not that He died in vain;

It is writ - ten in His word, "God, the Lord of Hosts shall reign."
Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow, "God, the Lord of Hosts shall reign."
E - vil pow'rs shall be de-throned, "God, the Lord of Hosts shall reign."

rit. CHORUS.

God, the Lord of Hosts shall reign. Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word Ech-o 'round the earth and main, For the Lord God Omnipotent shall reign, shall reign. . . . . shall reign! reign, ... shall reign!

39 A Rainbow on the Cloud.

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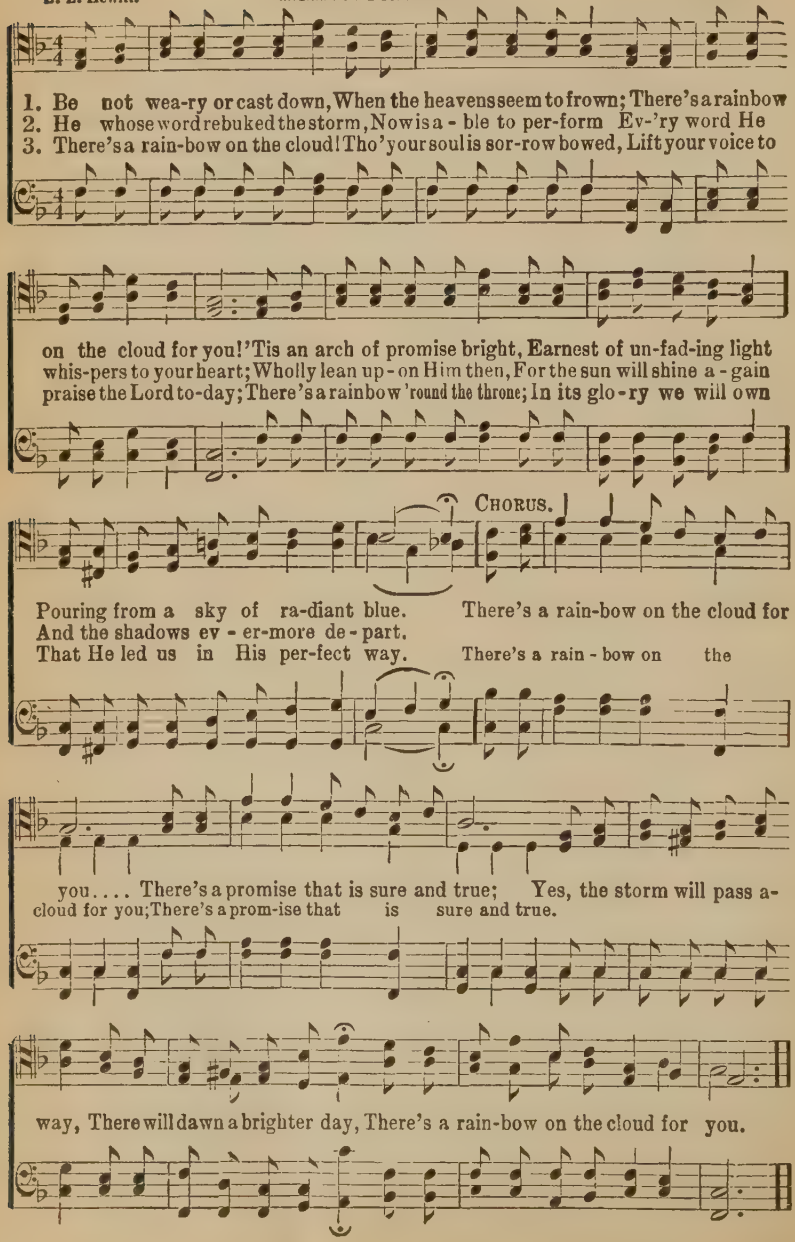
E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.



Jesus, All the Day Long.

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Words Alt.

Irish Melody.
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

DUET.

1. O, 'tis heav-en be - low my Re-deem-er to know; And the an - gels could
2. O, how hap - py are they who the Sav-ior o - bey, And whose treasures are
3. That sweet comfort was mine, When the favor di - vine I first found in the

do nothing more Than to fall at His feet And the sto - ry re - peat,
laid up a - bove, Tongue can nev - er ex-press The sweet comfort and peace
blood of the Lamb: When my heart first believed, O what joy I re-ceived!

CHORUS.

And the Lov-er of sin - ners a - dore.
Of a soul in its ear - li - est love. Je-sus, all the day long, Is my
What a heav-en in Je - sus' dear name.

joy and my song; O that all His sal-vation might see! He has noth-ing de-

nied, He has suf-fered and died, To re-deem a poor sin - ner like me.

41 When at Last We Say Good-bye.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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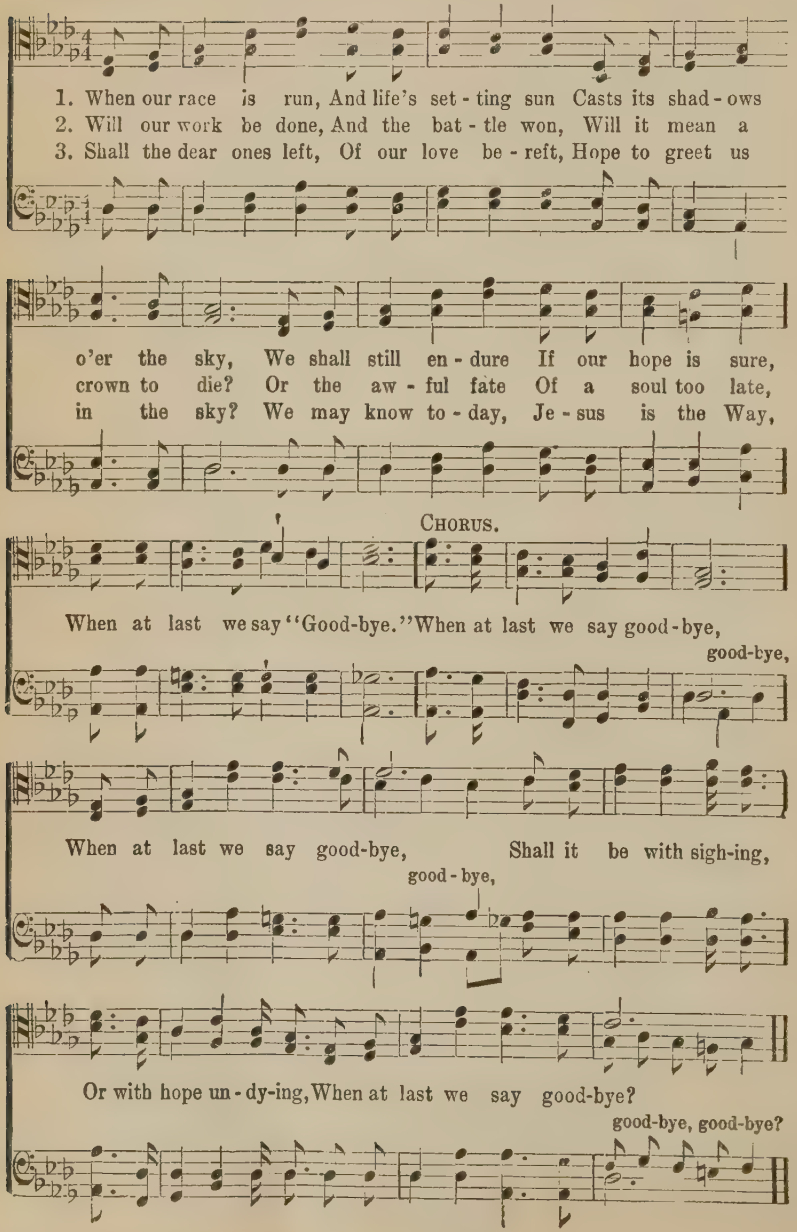
B. D. Ackley.



Crossing the Bar.

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Tennyson. J. B. Herbert

p *Andante.*

1. Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me!
2. Twi - light and eve - ning bell, And att - er that the dark!

And may there be no moan-ing bar, When I put out to sea;
And may there be no sad - ness of fare - well When I em - bark;

p *cres.*

But such a tide as moving seems a - sleep,.... Too full for sound and
For tho' from out our bourne of time and place..... The flood may bear me

* *cres.* *f* 1

foam, When that which drew from out the boundless deep.....
far,.... I hope to meet my Pi - lot face to [*Omit.*]

rall. *pp* *f* 2 *rall.* *pp*

Turns a - gain home. face.... When I have crossed the bar.

*Small notes for 2nd Tenor.

Gideon's Band.

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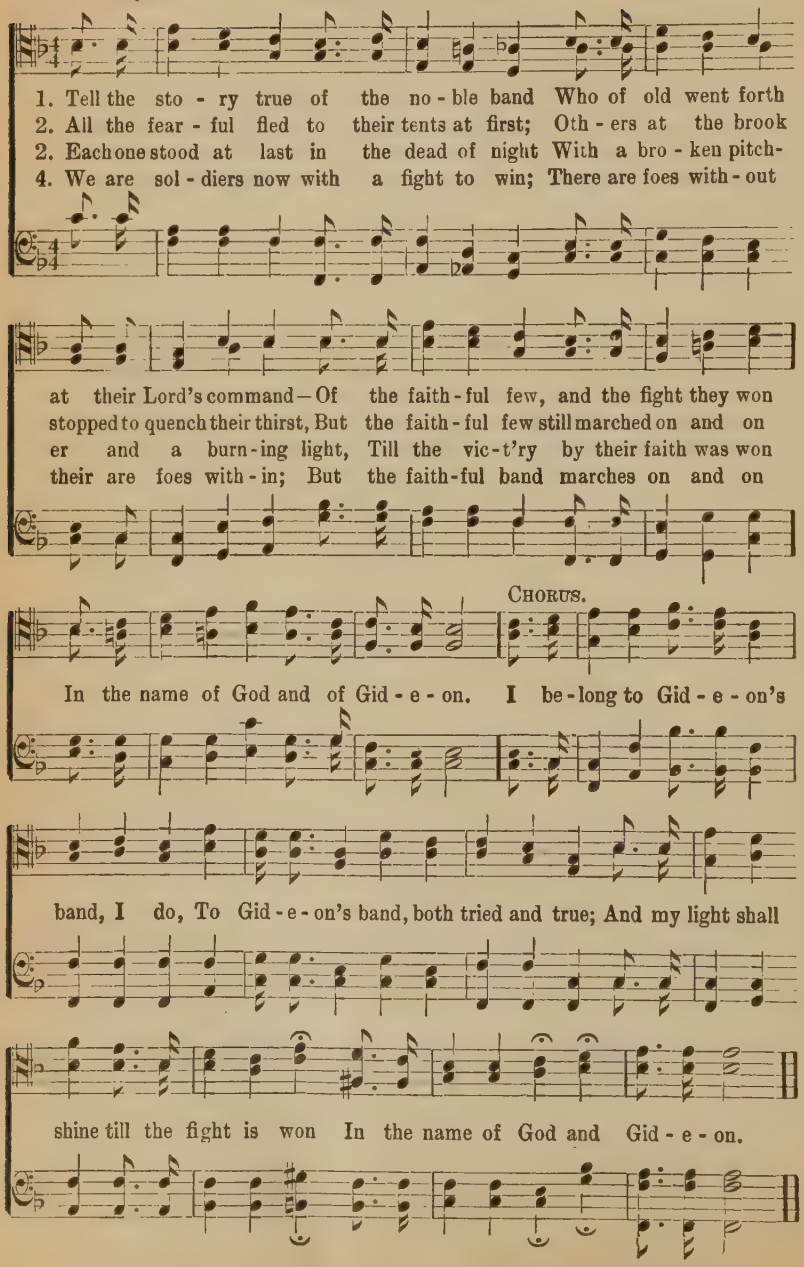
E. L. Thompson. Chas. H. Gabriel.



Let Him In.

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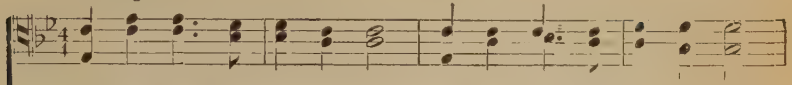
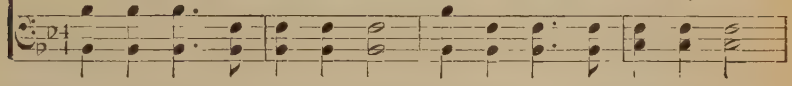
Chas. R. MacDowell. Chas. H. Gabriel.

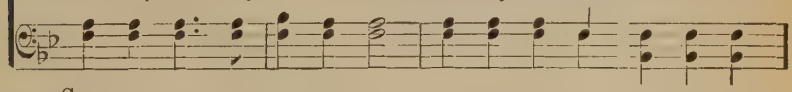
Melody in 2nd Tenor.



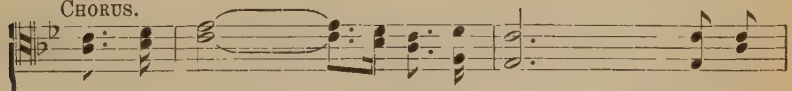
1. Just out - side your heart's closed door See the lov - ing Sav - ior wait,
2. Wounded hands and pierc - ed side, And His death on Cal - va - ry
3. If it were an earth - ly friend Who stood out - side knock-ing thus,
4. O - pen then our heart's closed door And ad - mit the Heav'n-ly Guest;



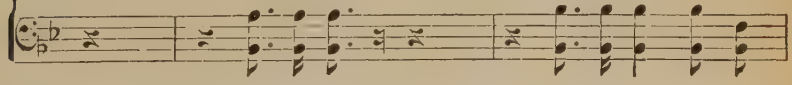
And He knocks, has knocked be-fore,— O - pen ere it is too late.
Meant that 'twas for you He died, That from sin you might be free.
You'd a joy - ous greet-ing send,—"En-ter, friend, and sup with us."
En - ter, Sav - ior, ev - er - more Make Thy home with - in our breast.



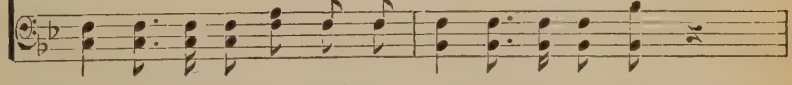
CHORUS.



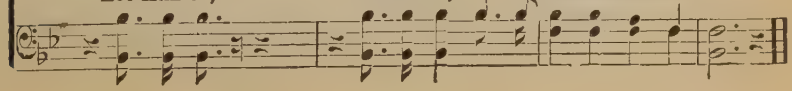
Let Him in,..... let Him in, For your
Let Him in, let Him in,



life will be bright-er, All its loads will be light - er; Let Him



in,..... let Him in, Let the Sav - ior in.
Let Him in, let Him in, bless-ed Sav-ior in.



What About You?*

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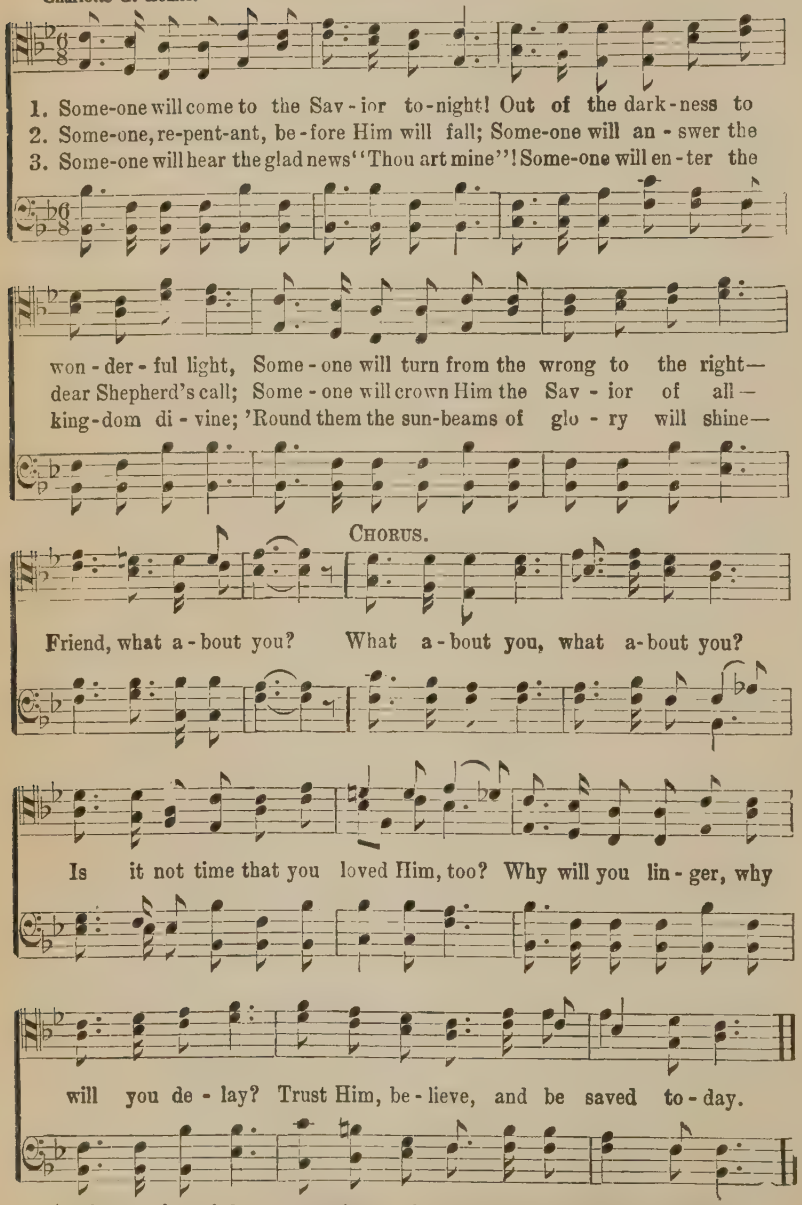
Charlotte G. Homer. C. Hubert Bottorf.



* 2nd tenor, the melody, very prominent; other parts subdued or may be hummed.

The Riches of Love.

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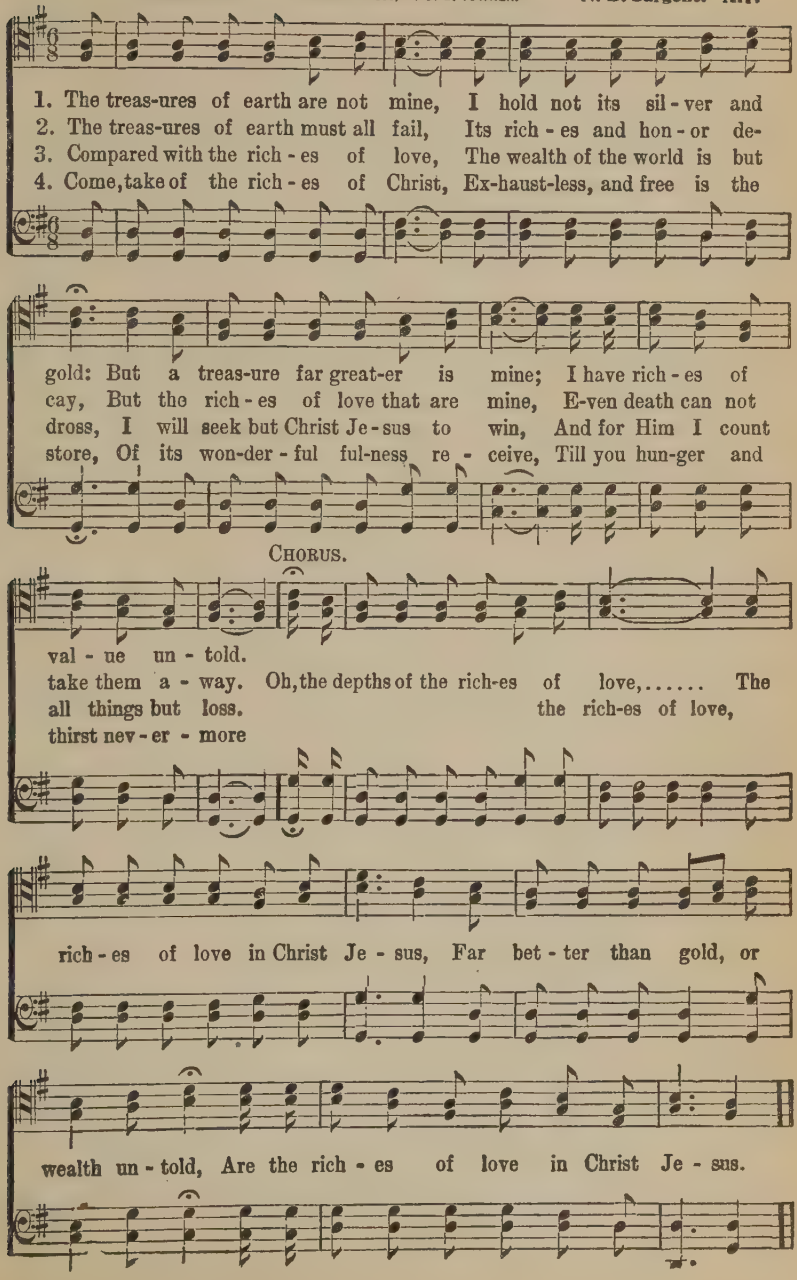

47 From Every Stormy Wind.

H. Stowell.

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Solon Wilder.
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide.... of woes, There is.... a calm, a sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on..... our heads; A place than all.... be- sides more sweet: It is.... the blood-bought mer - cy-seat.
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low - ship.... with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy-seat.
4. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold, and still, This bound - ing heart for- get to beat, If I.... for - get the mer - cy-seat.

48 God be Merciful to Me.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell.

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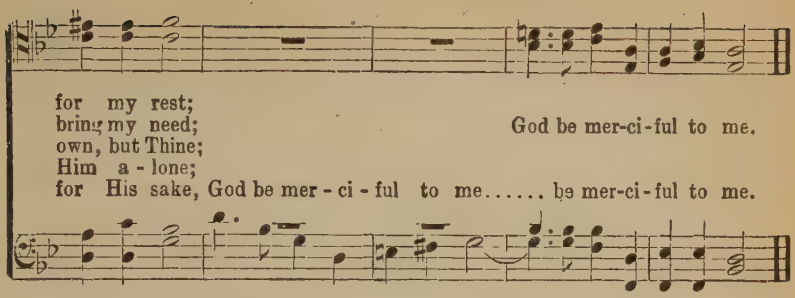
J. B. Herbert.

p

1. Sin - ful, sigh-ing to be blest; Bound, and longing to be free; Weary, waiting
2. Goodness I have none to plead, Sin-ful-ness is all I see; I can on - ly
3. From this sin-ful heart of mine To Thy bo - som I would flee; I am not my
4. There is One be-side the throne, And my on - ly hope and plea Are in Him, and
5. He my cause will un-der-take, My In - ter - pre-ter will be; He's my all; and

God be Merciful to Me.



49 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

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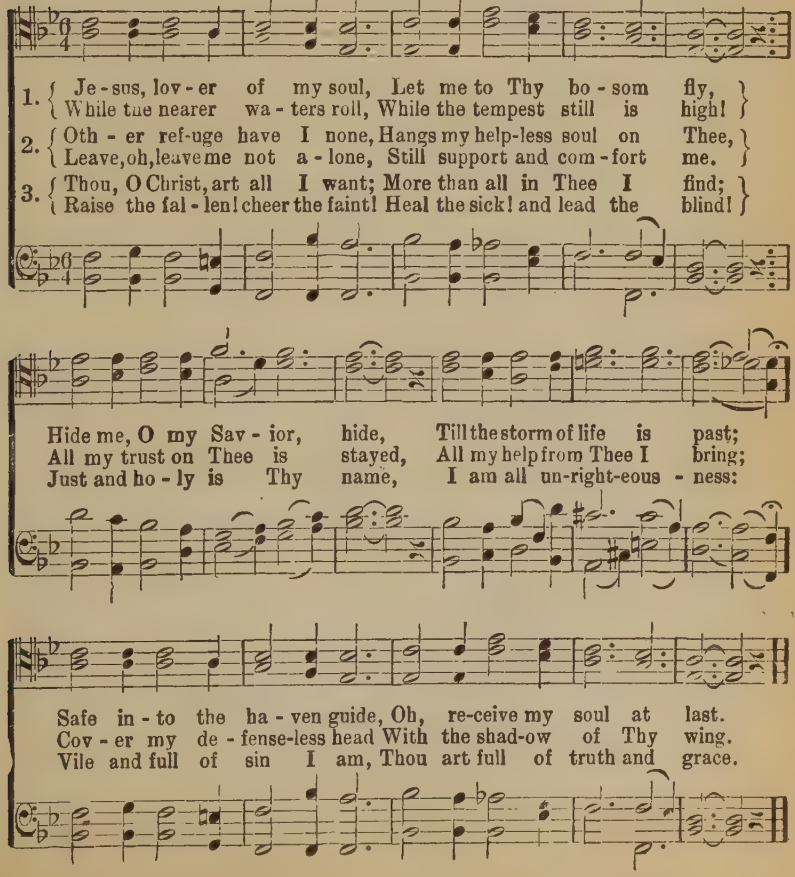
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.



50 In the Hour of Trial.

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J. B. Herbert.

2nd Tenor.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je-sus, plead for me; Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. When Thou see'st me waver, With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fa-vor,
3. With for-bid-den pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sordid treasures
4. Should Thy mercy send me Sor-row, toil and woe; Or should pain attend me

REFRAIN.

I de-part from Thee,
Suf - fer me to fall. Grant that I may nev-er Fail Thy hand to see.
Spread to work me harm:
On my path be - low:

f

Grant that I, my Sav - ior, may ev - er cast my care.... on Thee.
my care

51 Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

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Arr. from Major Cole.

1. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine: By Thy
2. Give me a love like Thine, Give me a love like Thine: By Thy
3. Give me a peace like Thine, Give me a peace like Thine: By Thy
4. Give me a joy like Thine, Give me a joy like Thine: By Thy
5. Give me a will like Thine, Give me a will like Thine: By Thy

Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev'ry hour,... Give me a heart like Thine.
won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev'ry hour,... Give me a love like Thine.
won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev'ry hour,... Give me a peace like Thine.
won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev'ry hour,... Give me a joy like Thine.
won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev'ry hour,... Give me a will like Thine.

52 Jesus, Meek and Gentle.

G. R. Prynne.

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Arr. for this work.
Franz Abt.

mp

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,
2. Par - don our of - fens - es, Loose our cap - tive chains,
3. Give us ho - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love,
4. Lead us on our jour - ney, Be Thy - self the Way,

m *cres.*

Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - ior, Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - ior,
Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, Break down ev - 'ry i - dol,
Draw us, ho - ly Je - sus, Draw us, ho - ly Je - sus,
Thro' ter - res - trial dark - ness, Thro' ter - res - trial dark - ness,

rall.

Hear Thy children's cry, Lov - ing Sav - ior, Hear Thy children's cry.
Which our soul de - tains, Ev - 'ry i - dol Which our soul de - tains.
To the realms a - bove, Draw us, Je - sus, To the realms a - bove.
To ce - les - tial day, Thro' earth's darkness To ce - les - tial day.

Glorious Things of Thee.

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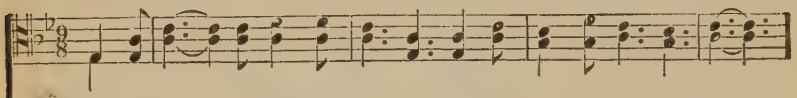
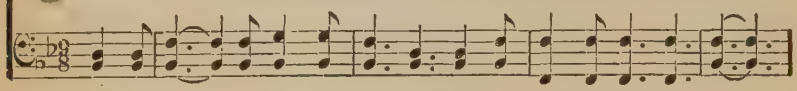
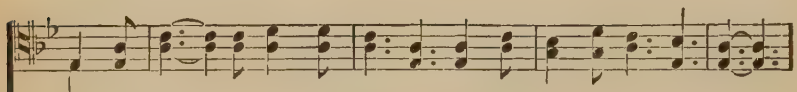
John Newton. D. B Towner.



1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, cit-y of our God;
2. Sav-iour, if of Zi-on's cit-y I, thro' grace a mem-ber am,
3. Fad-ing is the worlding's pleas-ure, All his boast-ed pomp and show;

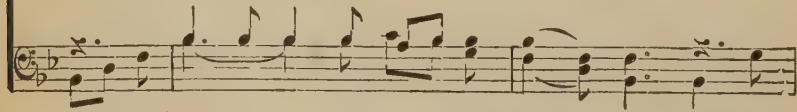




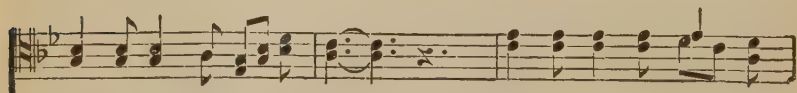
He whose word can-not be brok-en, Form'd thee for His own a-bode.
Let the world de-ride or pit-y, I will glo-ry in Thy name.
Sol-id joys and last-ing treas-ure, None but Zi-on's chil-dren know.

CHORUS.

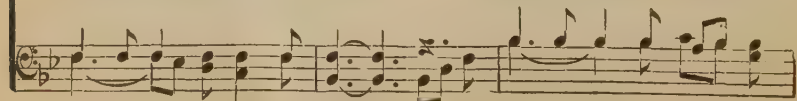
On the Rock of A-ges found-ed,



On the Rock..... of A-ges found-ed, What can



What can shake thy sure re-pose? With sal-va-tion's walls sur-



shake.... thy sure re-pose? With sal-va-tion's walls sur-

Glorious Things of Thee.

round - ed, Thou canst smile at all thy foes. With sal-

round - ed, Thou canst smile.... at all thy foes.

va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou canst smile at all thy foes.

54 Sometime.

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Georgie Tillman Snead. Chas. H. Gabriel.

f

1. Sometime, somewhere There'll be a bright day dawning; Sometime, somewhere There'll
2. Sometime, somewhere Hope's banner will be lift - ed; Sometime, somewhere The
3. Sometime, somewhere The wrong things will be righted; Sometime, somewhere Truth's

be a glorious morning; We shall wipe a - way our tears, We shall ban - ish
clouds of doubt are rift-ed; Ev - er more the sun will shine, With a ra - di-
gold - en torch be lighted; And the pain our hearts have borne, Will for-ev - er-

m *p*

all our fears, When that hap - py dawn ap-pears, Sometime, Somewhere.
ance be-nign, And no more will hearts re - pine, Sometime, Somewhere.
more have flown, We shall know as we are known, Sometime, Somewhere.

55 What Have I Given?

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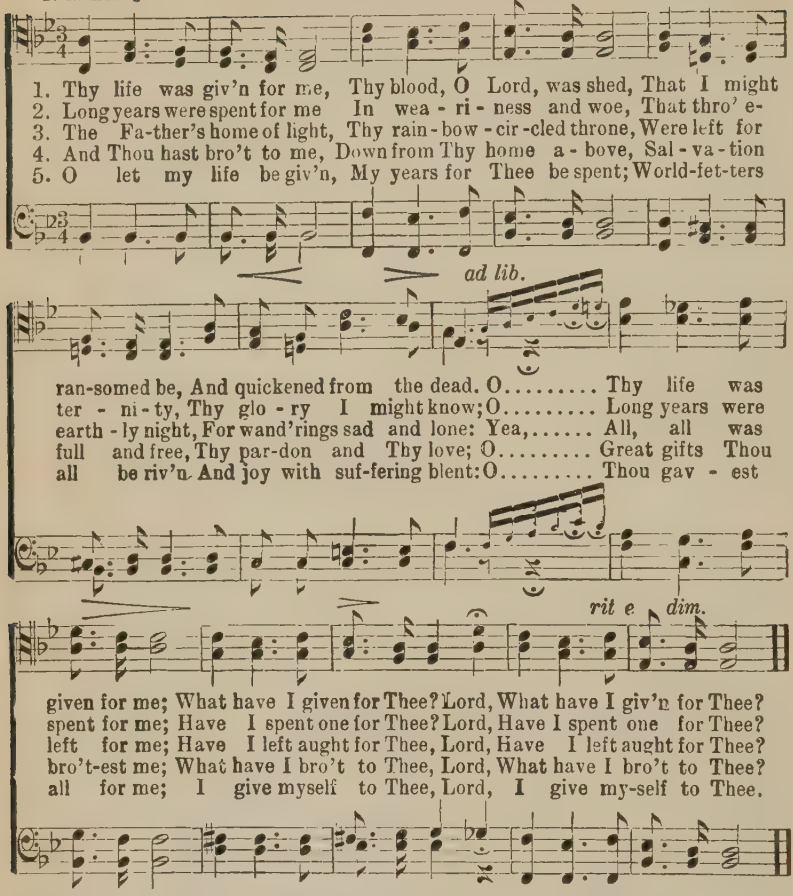
F. R. Havergal. J. B. Herbert.



56. Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

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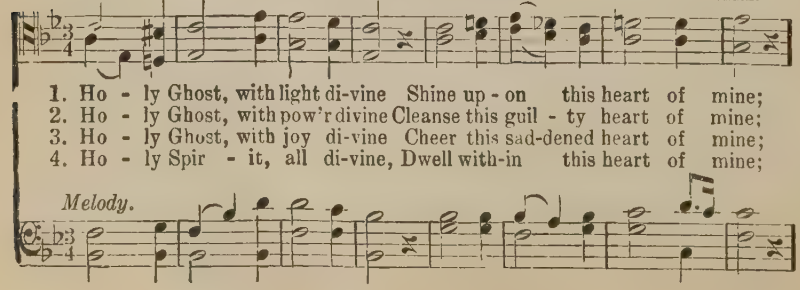
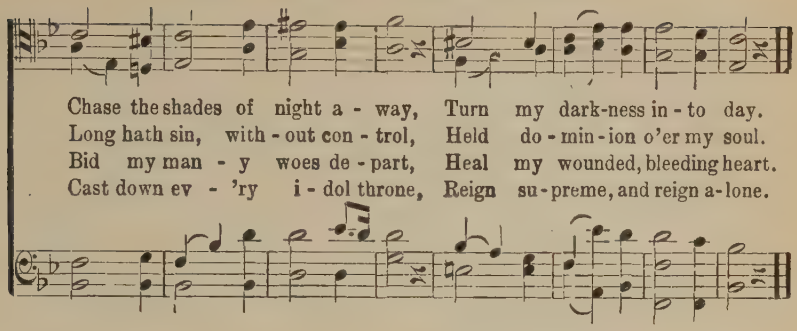
Andrew Reed. Gottschalk.

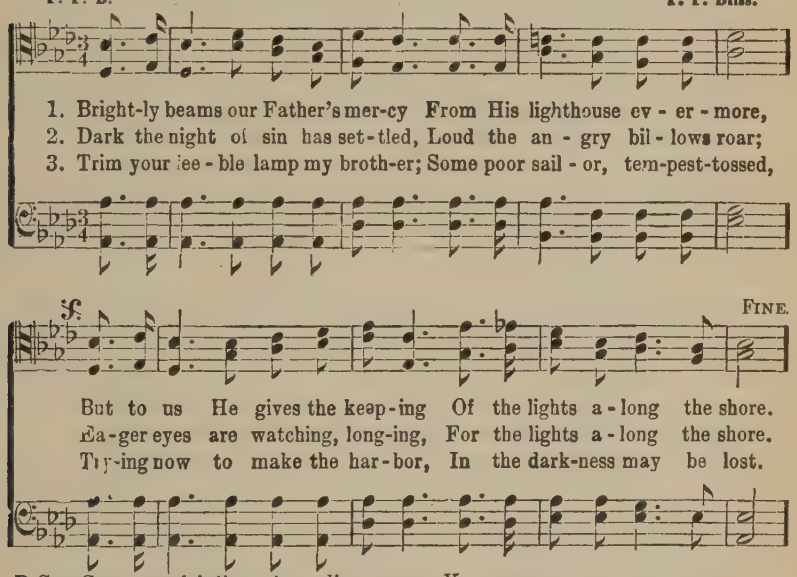


Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.



57 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



In the Lord's Company.

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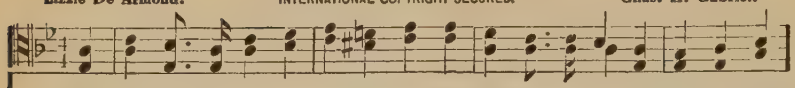
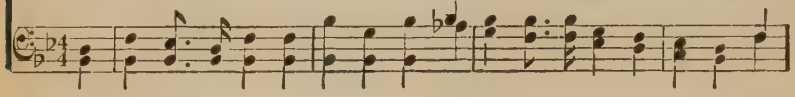
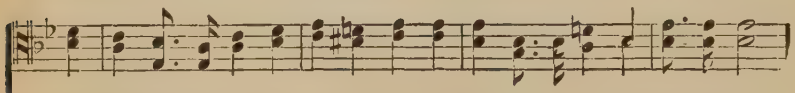
Lizzie De Armond. Chas. H. Gabriel.

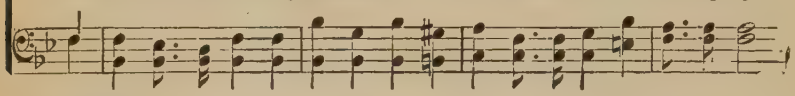


1. Tho' dark-ly the clouds may gather near, There rings in my heart a song of cheer,
2. I know He is nigh when oth-ers sleep; My life in His care He'll safely keep;
3. The sun-light of love il-lumes my way; I'm hap-py and glad the live-long day;

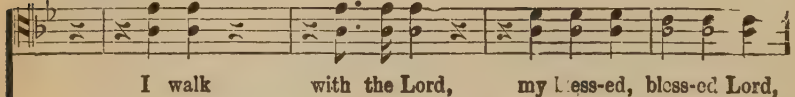




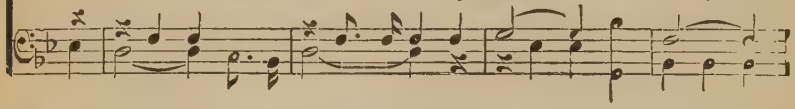
A Friend kind and true is close to me, I walk in the Lord's own company.
Al-though His dear face I can-not see, I walk in the Lord's own company.
For - ev - er with Him my soul shall be, I walk in the Lord's own company.



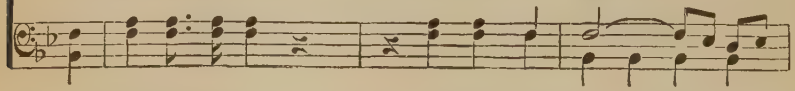
CHORUS.



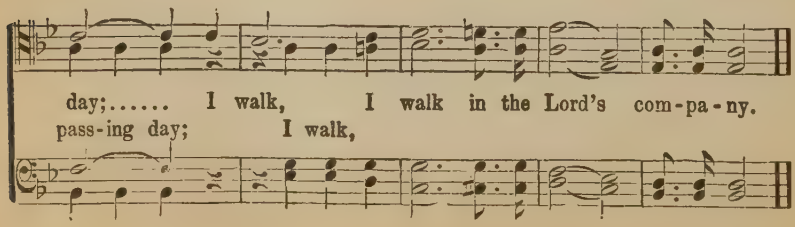
I walk with the Lord, my bless-ed, bless-ed Lord,
I walk..... with the Lord,..... my bless - ed Lord,....



He shows..... me the way, with joy He fills..... each
He shows me the way, with joy He fills each day, each



day;..... I walk, I walk in the Lord's com-pa-ny.
pass-ing day; I walk,



59 Wandering Child, O Come Home.

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Kem G. Bottorf. Kem G. Bottorf.

Moderato.

1. Have you wandered a-way from your Father's care, Heav-y heart-ed and
2. Is your frail bark a-drift on life's rag - ing sea, Are you tossed on its
3. He is plead-ing to-day, heed His gen - tle voice, As He bids you no

sad do you roam? There's a sweet, gen-tle voice call-ing now to you—
bil-lows and foam? There's a safe har-bor home, wait-ing now for you—
long-er to roam, To that dear Father's house haste with-out de - lay—

CHORUS. *pp Second time.*

Child, come home,
Wand'ring child, wand'ring child, O come home. Child, come home, child, come

Child, come home,
child, come home, Wand'ring child, why long - er roam?
home, Wand'ring child, why long - er roam? 'Tis thy

Wand'ring child, O. come home, come home.
'Tis thy Fa-ther now en-treats— Wand'ring child, come home, come home,
Fa - ther en-treats— Wand'ring child, O come home.

60 All Will Be Well.

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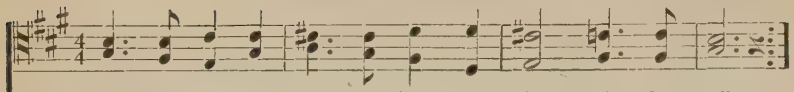
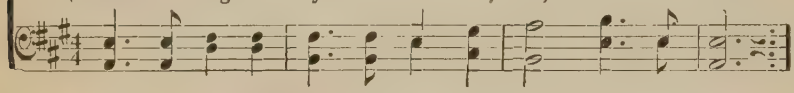
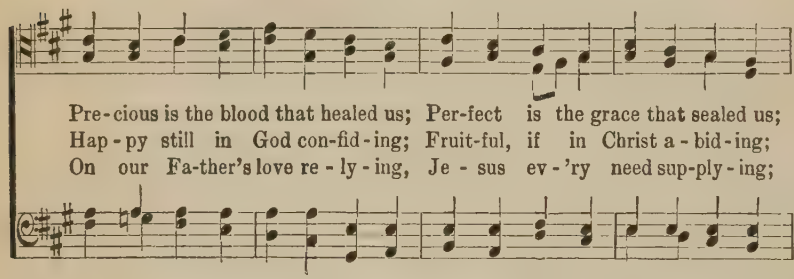
Welsh Air.
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

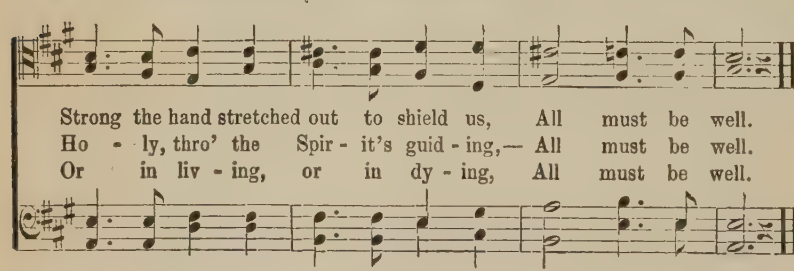


1. { Thro' the love of God, our Sav - ior, All will be well;
   Free and changeless is His fa - vor, All, all is well. }
2. { Tho' we pass thro' trib - u - la - tion, All will be well;
   Ours is such a full sal - va - tion, All, all is well; }
3. { We ex - pect a bright to - mor - row; All will be well;
   Faith can sing thro' days of sor - row, All, all is well. }





Pre - cious is the blood that healed us; Per-fect is the grace that sealed us;
Hap - py still in God con-fid - ing; Fruit-ful, if in Christ a - bid - ing;
On our Fa-ther's love re - ly - ing, Je - sus ev - 'ry need sup-ply - ing;



Strong the hand stretched out to shield us, All must be well.
Ho - ly, thro' the Spir - it's guid - ing,— All must be well.
Or in liv - ing, or in dy - ing, All must be well.

61 Brother, Thou Art Gone to Rest.

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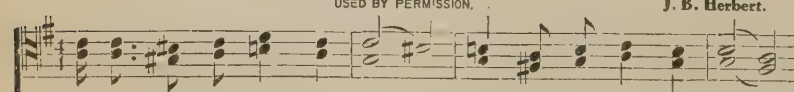
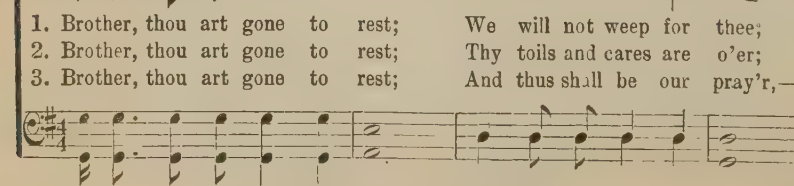
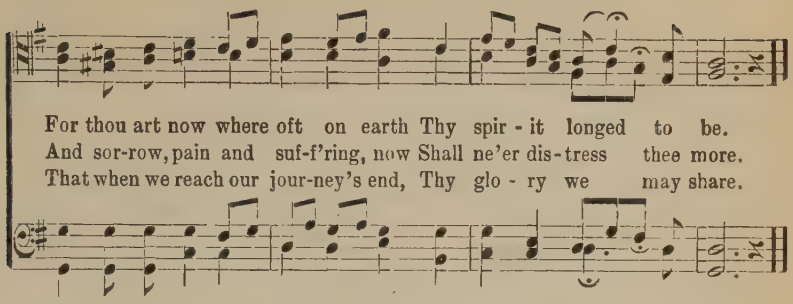
J. B. Herbert.



1. Brother, thou art gone to rest; We will not weep for thee;
2. Brother, thou art gone to rest; Thy toils and cares are o'er;
3. Brother, thou art gone to rest; And thus shall be our pray'r,—



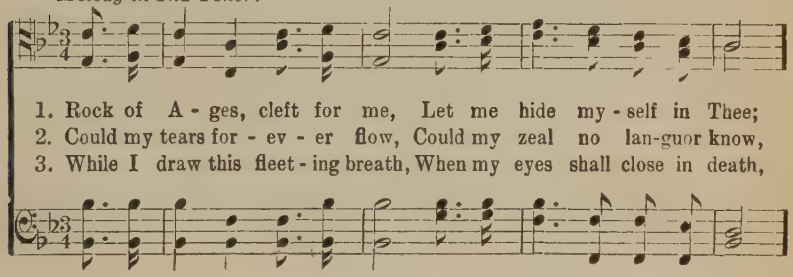
Brother, Thou Art Gone to Rest.

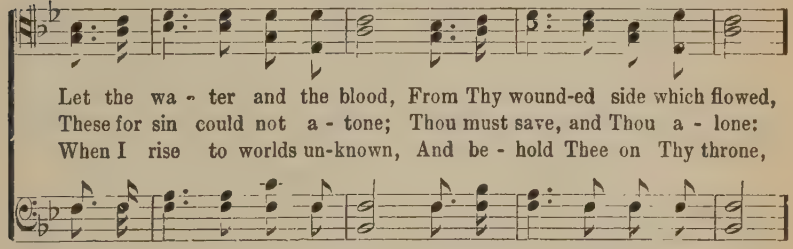


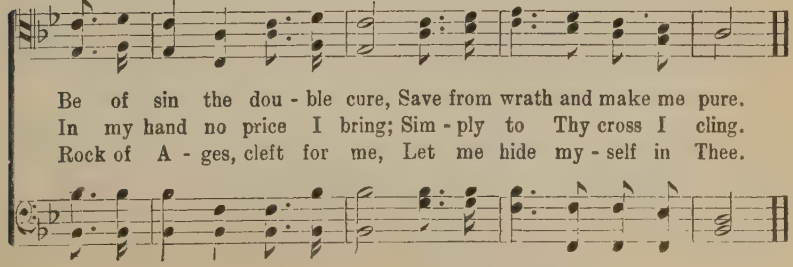
62 Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.

Melody in 2nd Tenor.







63 Sweeter As the Years Go By.

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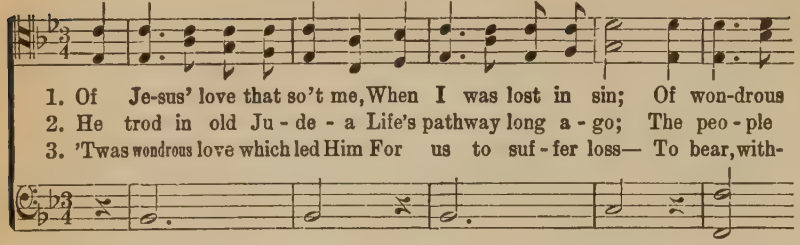
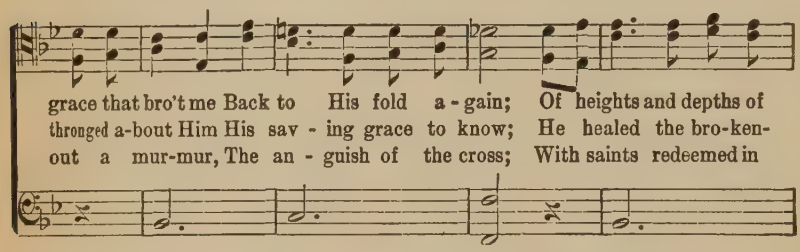
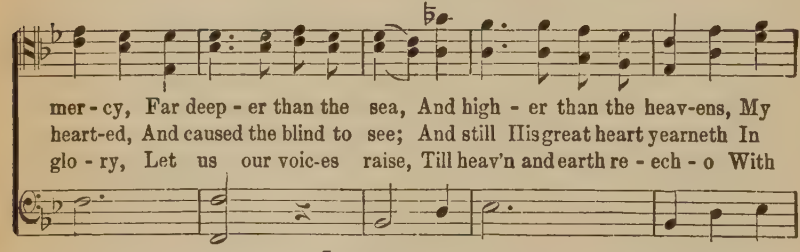
Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. Of Je-sus' love that so't me, When I was lost in sin; Of won-drous
2. He trod in old Ju - de - a Life's pathway long a - go; The peo - ple
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf - fer loss— To bear, with-

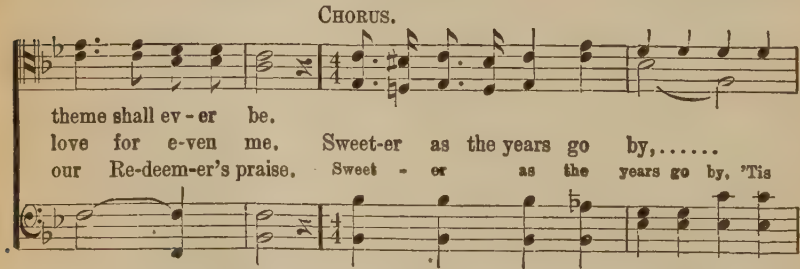


grace that bro't me Back to His fold a - gain; Of heights and depths of
thronged a-bout Him His sav - ing grace to know; He healed the bro-ken-
out a mur-mur, The an - guish of the cross; With saints redeemed in

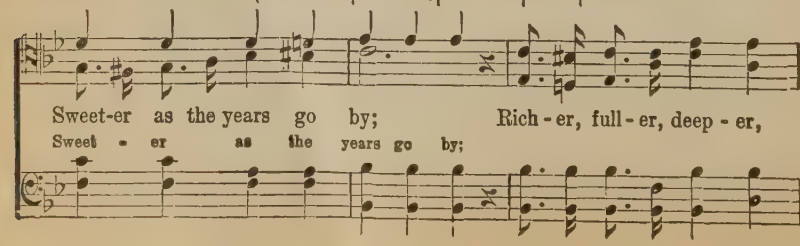


mer - cy, Far deep - er than the sea, And high - er than the heav-ens, My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo - ry, Let us our voic-es raise, Till heav'n and earth re - ech - o With

CHORUS.

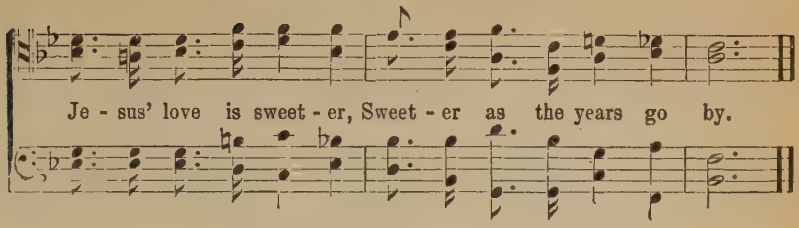


theme shall ev - er be.
love for e-ven me. Sweet-er as the years go by, ...
our Re-deem-er's praise. Sweet - er as the years go by, 'Tis



Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich - er, full - er, deep - er,
Sweet - er as the years go by;

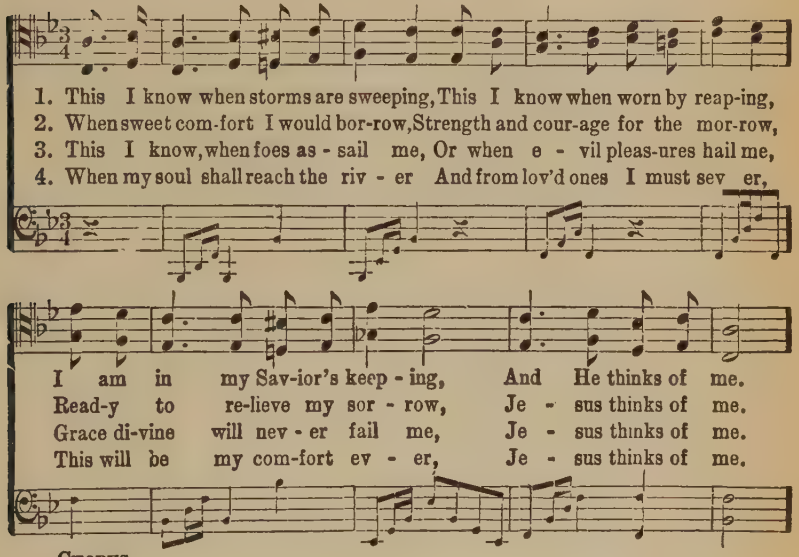
Sweeter As the Years Go By.



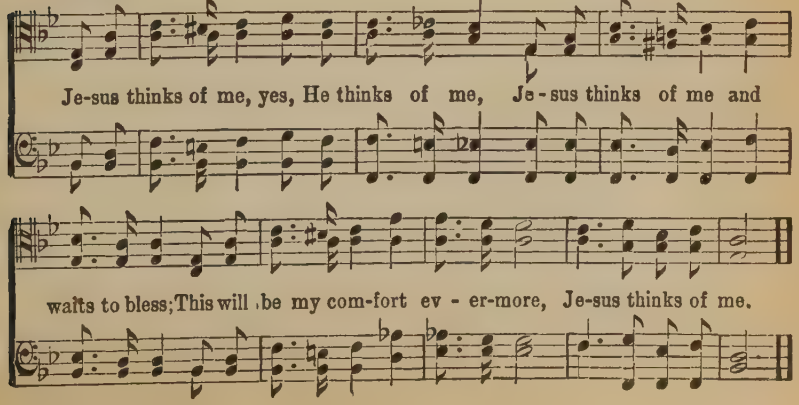
64 Jesus Thinks of Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. B. D. Ackley.

DUET.



CHORUS.



My Anchor Holds.

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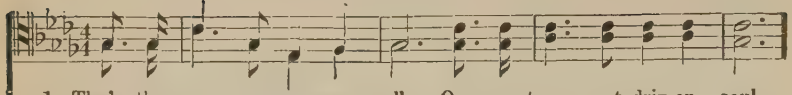
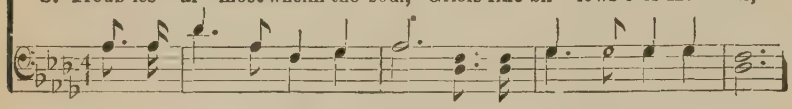
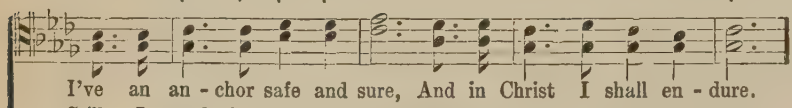
W. C. Martin. D. B. Towner.



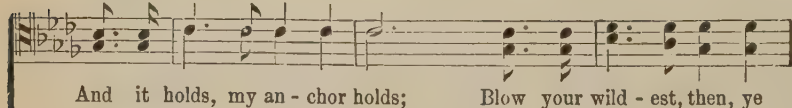
1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest driv-en soul,
2. Might - y tides a-bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep;
3. Troub-les al - most whelm the soul, Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;



I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild-ly tho' the winds may blow,
An gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
Tempters seek to lure a - stray, Storms ob-scure the light of day:

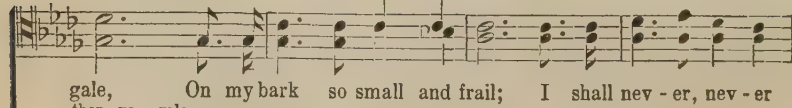


I've an an - chor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall en - dure.
Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
But in Christ I can be bold,—I've an an - chor that shall hold.

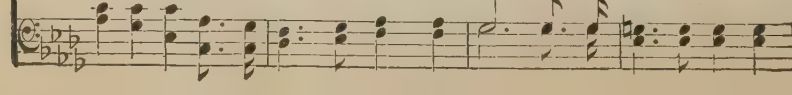


CHORUS.

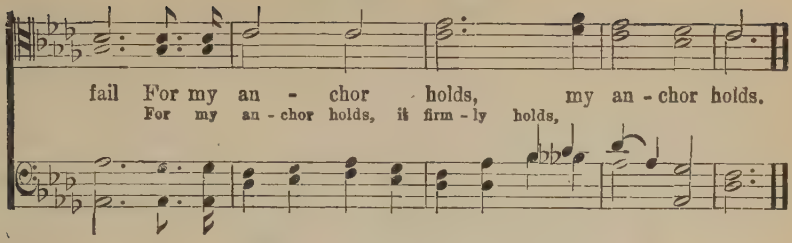
And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, ye
And it holds..... my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est



gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev - er, nev - er
then ye gale,



My Anchor Holds.



66 Just Outside the Door.

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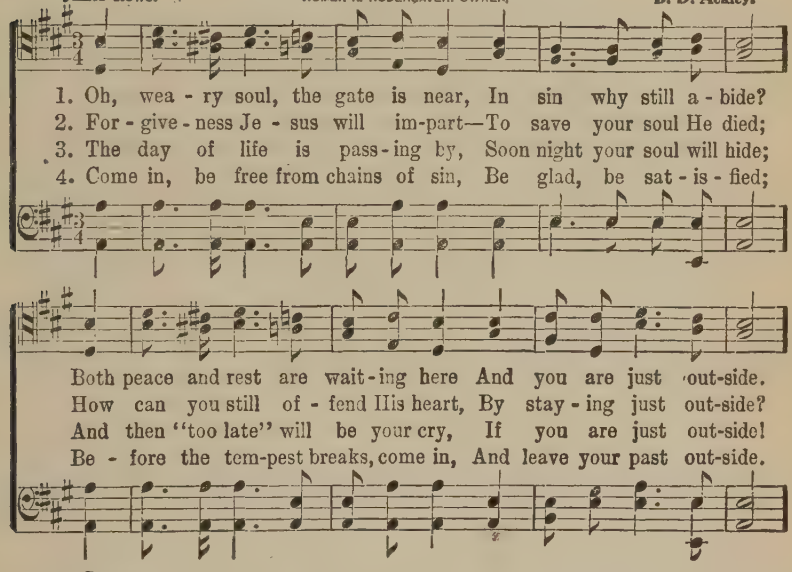
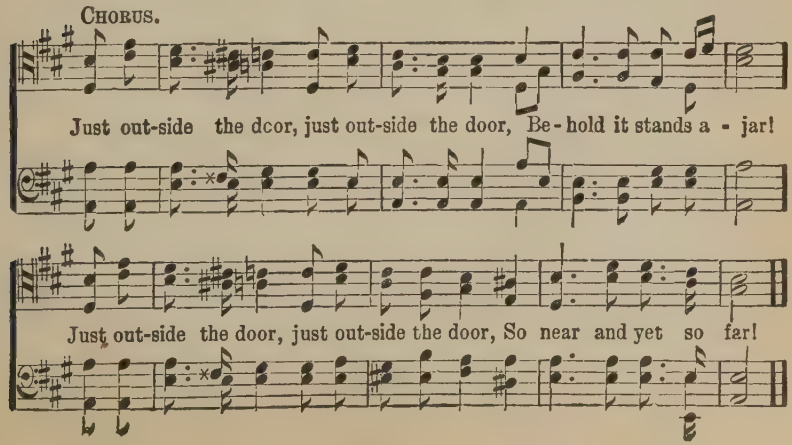
James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.



CHORUS.



67 O 'Tis a Great Change for Me.

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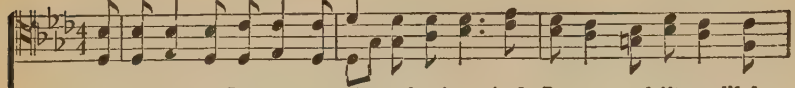
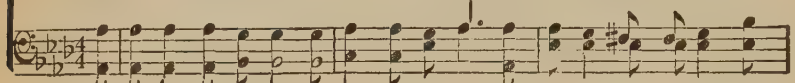
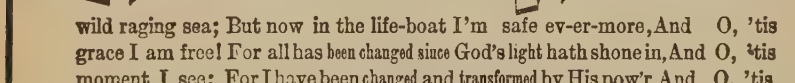
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. B. Herbert.



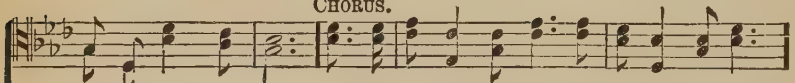
1. My boat had once floated a-way from the shore, And I was a-drift on life's
2. My life was once darkened, and fettered by sin, But now, Hal - le - lu-jah! by
3. No more is my spir-it conformed to this world, But now high-er joys ev - 'ry
4. When I have reached heaven, that home of the soul, Blest ha-ven that lies o - ver



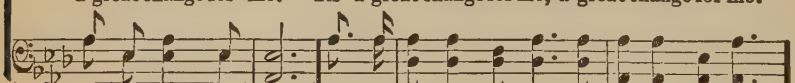
wild raging sea; But now in the life-boat I'm safe ev-er-more, And O, 'tis
grace I am free! For all has been changed since God's light hath shone in, And O, 'tis
moment I see: For I have been changed and transformed by His pow'r, And O, 'tis
times rolling sea, I know I will shout when its joys I be-hold—"O this is

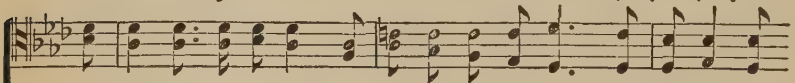


CHORUS.

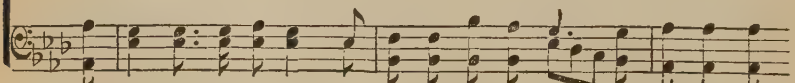


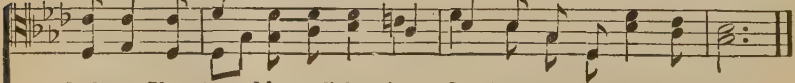
a great change for me! 'Tis a great change for me, a great change for me!



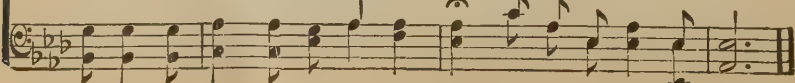


O now I am hap-py! from sin I've been set free! From out of the





darkness I've stepped in - to light, And O, 'tis a great change for me!



68 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

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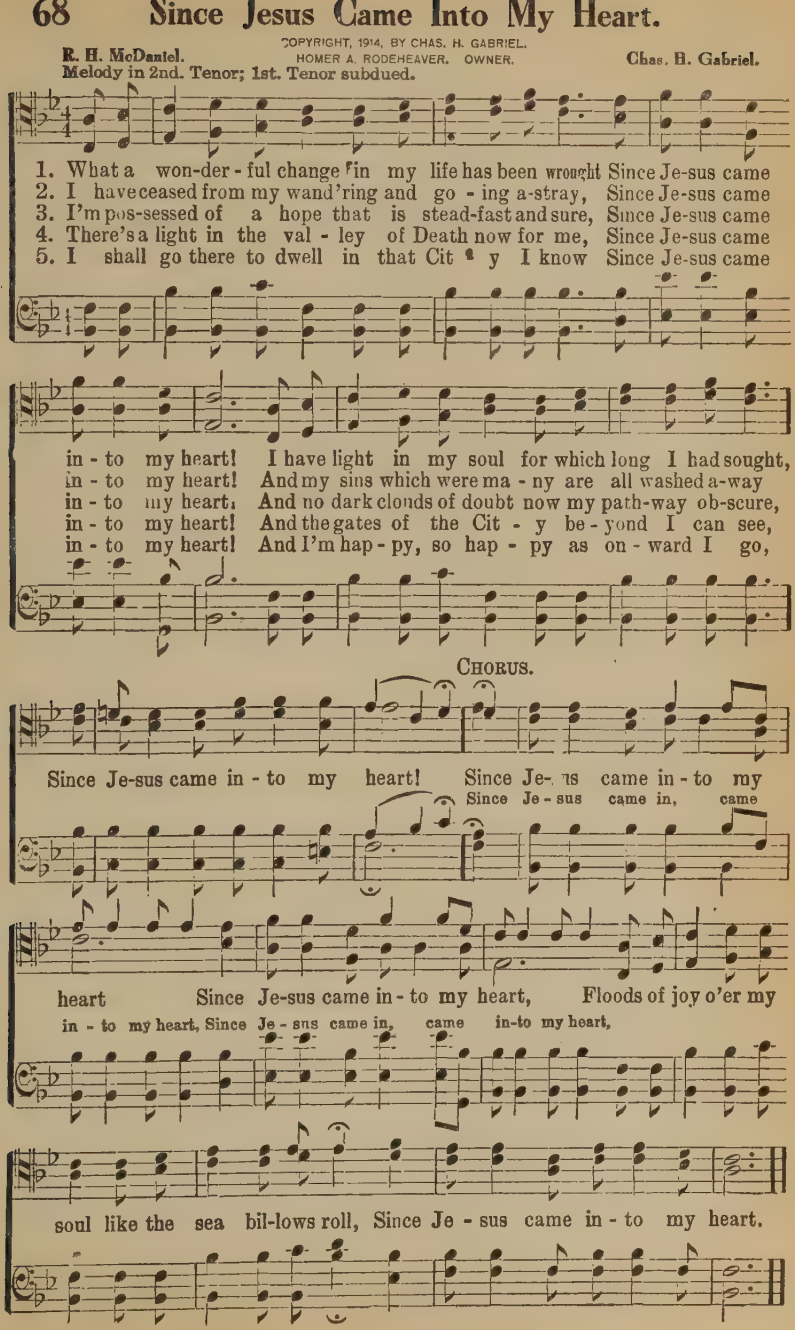
R. H. McDaniel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

Melody in 2nd. Tenor; 1st. Tenor subdued.



Whosoever Will.

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J. B. Herbert.

1st and 2nd Tenor.

Baritone on Tenor staff to the chorus.

Hum.....

1. The Spir - it in our hearts Is whispering, "Sinner, Come:" The
2. Let him that hear-eth say To all a - bout him, "Come:" Let
3. Yes, who - so - ev - er will, O, let him free - ly come, And

Hum.....

Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims To all His chil - dren, "Come."
him that thirsts for right-eous-ness To Christ the Foun - tain come.
free - ly drink the stream of life; 'Tis Je - sus bids him come.

CHORUS.

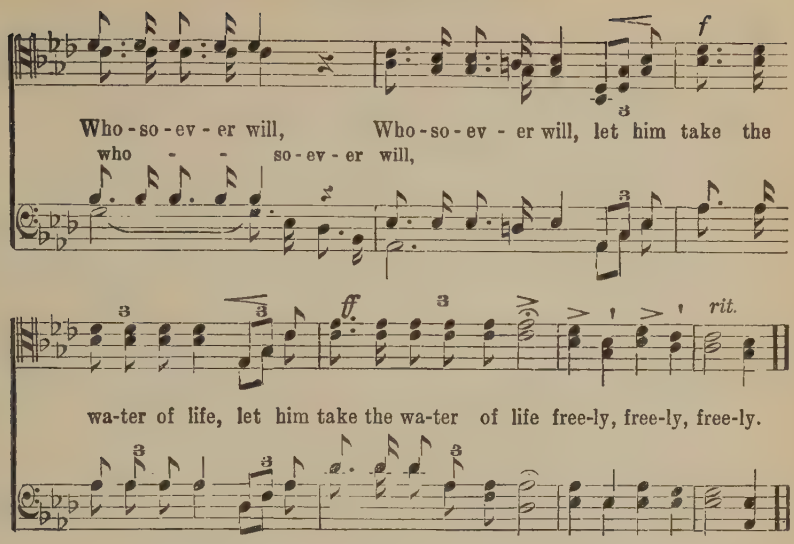
And the Spir-it and the Bride say, come. And the Spir-it and the Bride say

come. And let him that hear-eth say, come, And let him that is a-thirst,

come, come, come. Who - so - ev - er will, who-so-ev - er will,
And who - - - so - ev - er will,..... And

*A good effect may be produced by diminishing to pianissimo on the word "Come," and then, humming, let the tones die away.

Whosoever Will.



70 Savior, Teach Me.

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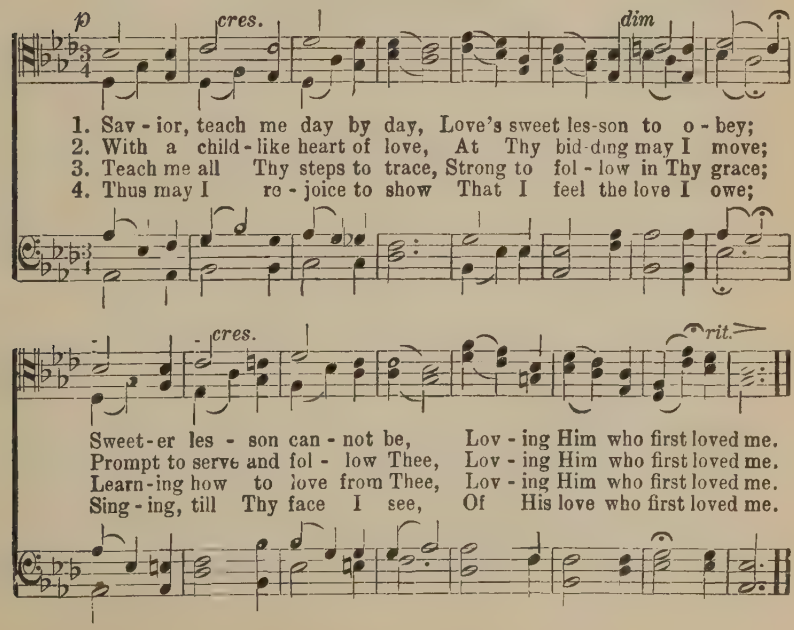

71 Because the Lord is Good.

MALE VOICES.

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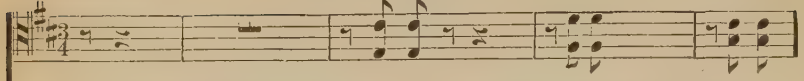
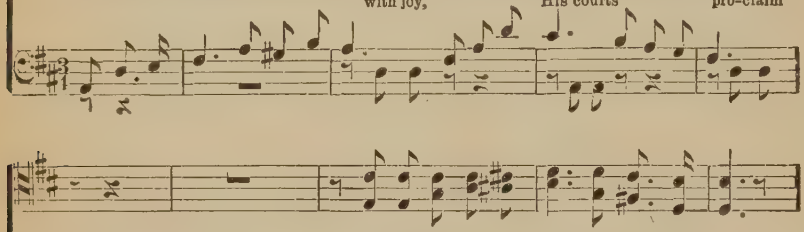
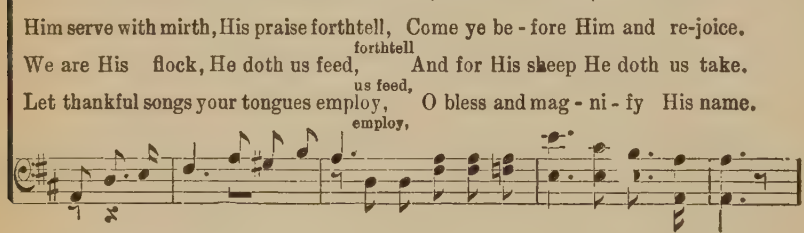
Psalm 100. B. D. Ackley.



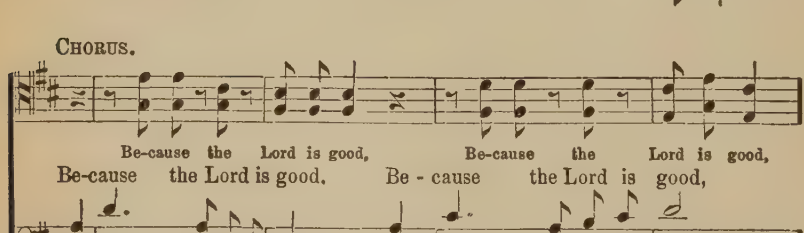
1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice!
do dwell, the Lord O sing!
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed; Without our aid He did us make;
in-deed; our aid us make;
3. O en - ter then His gates with joy, With-in His courts His praise proclaim,
with joy, His courts pro-claim



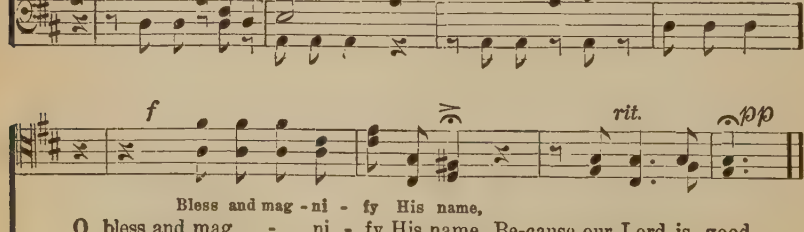
Him serve with mirth, His praise forthtell, Come ye be - fore Him and re-joice.
forthtell
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
us feed,
Let thankful songs your tongues employ, O bless and mag - ni - fy His name.
employ,



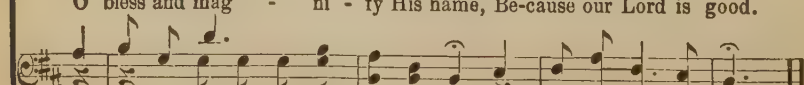
CHORUS.



Be-cause the Lord is good, Be-cause the Lord is good,
Be-cause the Lord is good. Be - cause the Lord is good,



Bless and mag - ni - fy His name,
O bless and mag - ni - fy His name, Be-cause our Lord is good.



Stand Up for Jesus.

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Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1. Stand up, stand ye sol-diers

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - - sus, Ye sol - diers of the
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - - sus, The trum - pet call o-
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - - sus, Stand in His strength a-

1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus Ye

Lift high His

cross;..... Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It
bey;..... Forth to the might-y con - flict, In
lone; ..... The arm of flesh will fail you,— Ye

sol-diors of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban-ner,

It must not From vic - t'ry

must not suf - fer loss. From vic - t'ry un - to
this His glo - rious day. Ye that are men now
dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel

It must not suf - fer loss. From

Till ev - 'ry

vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,..... Till ev - 'ry foe is
serve Him A-gainst unnumbered foes,..... Let cour - age rise with
ar - mor, And, watching un - to prayer,..... Where du - ty calls or

vic-t'ry un - to vic-t'ry His ar - my shall He lead, Till

And Christ is

van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.

ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.

We'll All Be There

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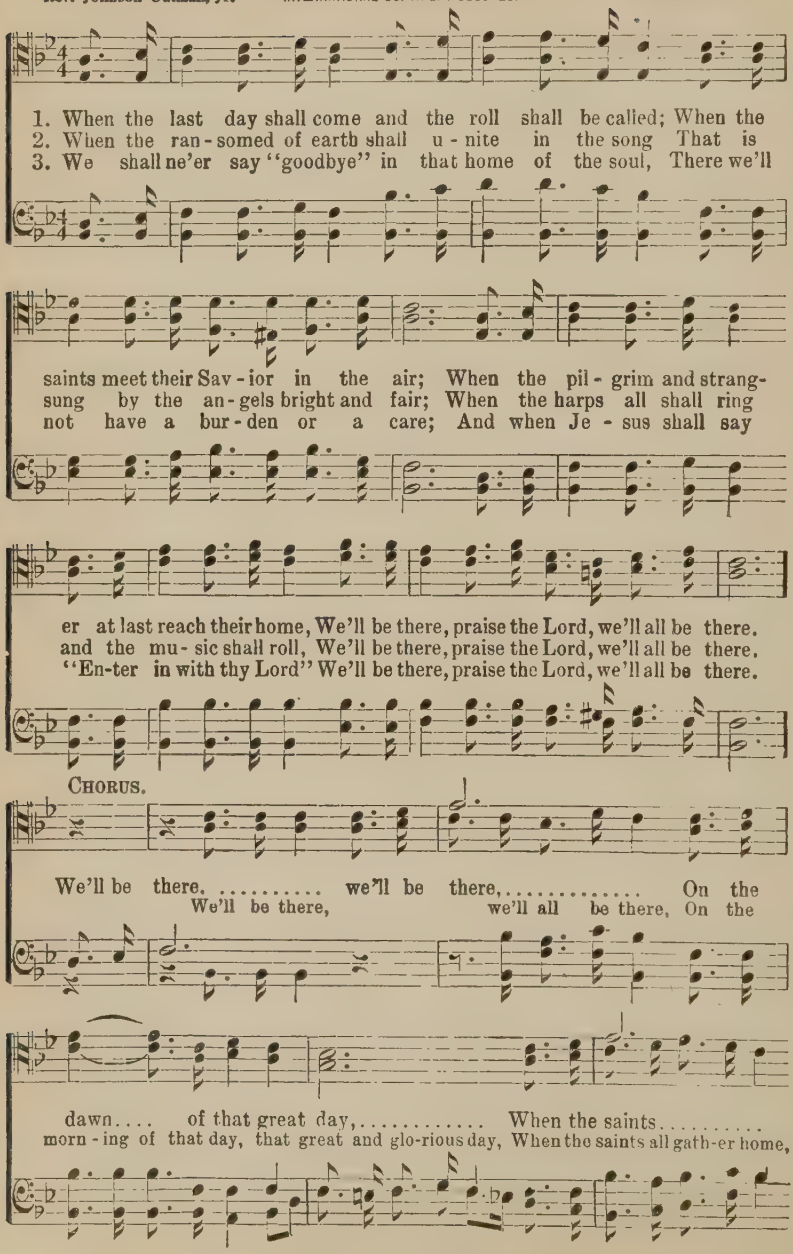
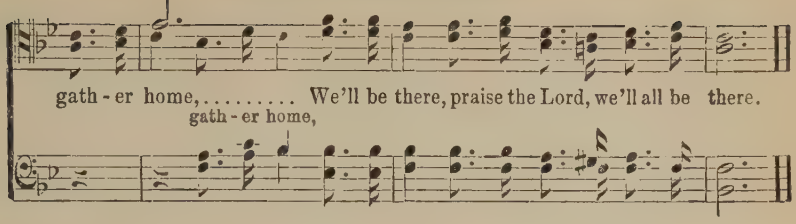
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. — Kem G. Bottorf.



We'll All Be There.



74 Oh! How I Love Jesus.

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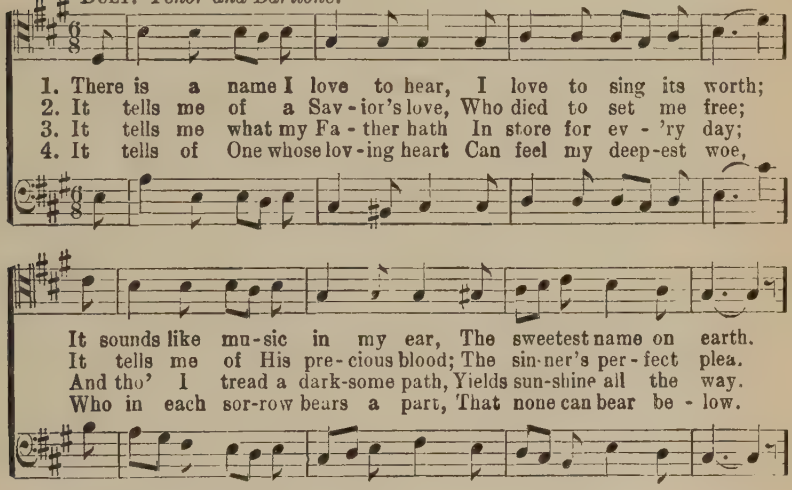
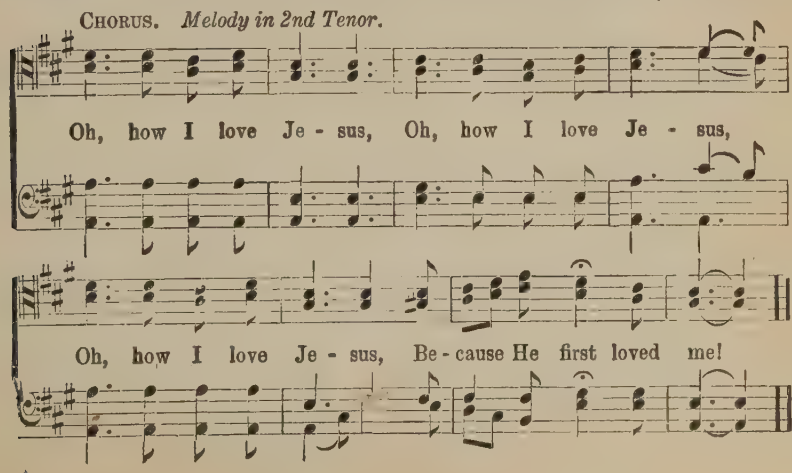
Arr. by J. B. H.

DUET. *Tenor and Baritone.*



CHORUS. *Melody in 2nd Tenor.*



75 Our Eternal Home.

Words Arr.

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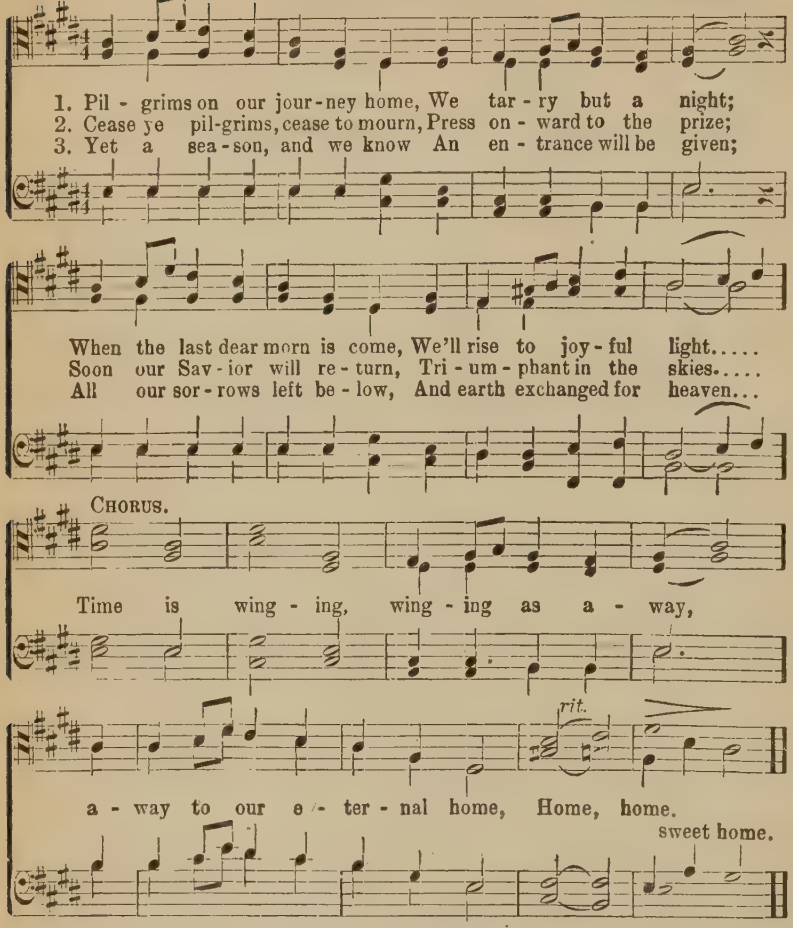
From Roeckel.
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.



76 Silent Night.

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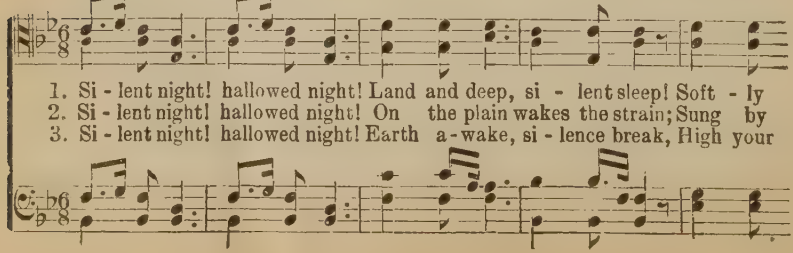
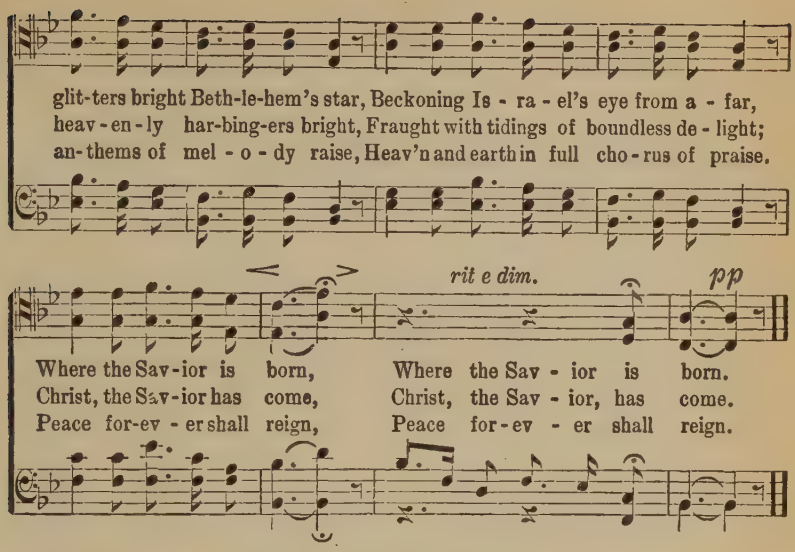
Melody in the Baritone.

German.
Arr. for this work.



Silent Night.



77 You Might Have Been.

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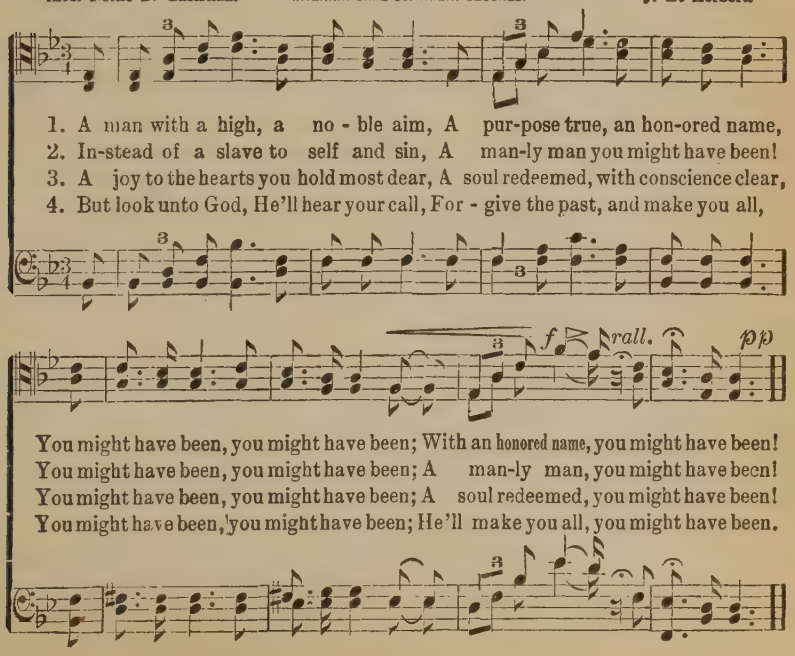
Mrs. Nettie B. Christian. J. B. Herbert.



78 I Could Not Do Without Thee.

From a poem by F. R. Havergal.

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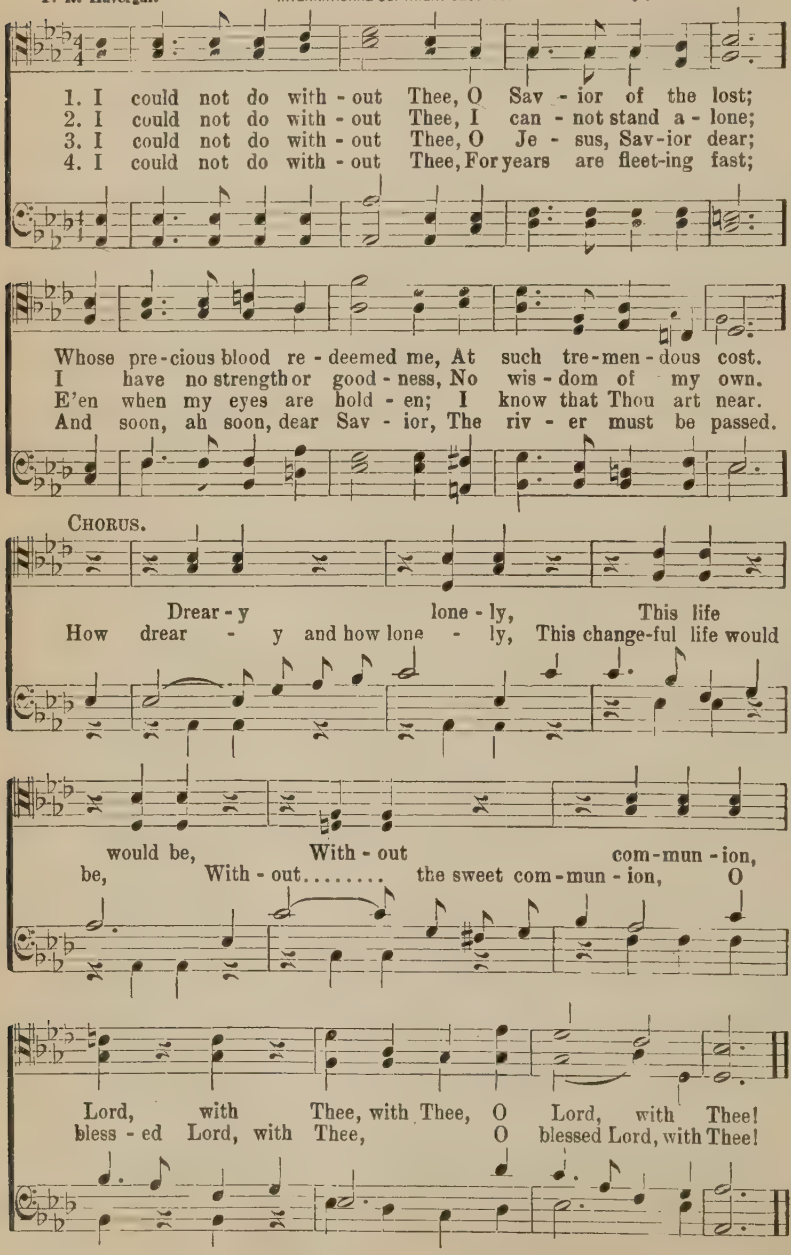
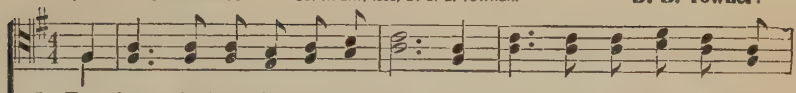
Arr. from the German by J. B. Herbert.

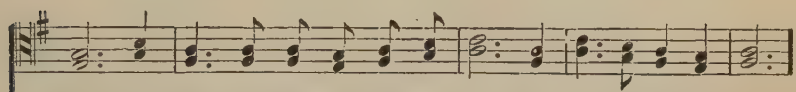


79 Give Me Thy Heart.

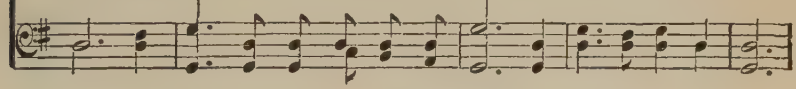
Rev. J. H. Sammis. COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY D. B. TOWNER. D. B. Towner.



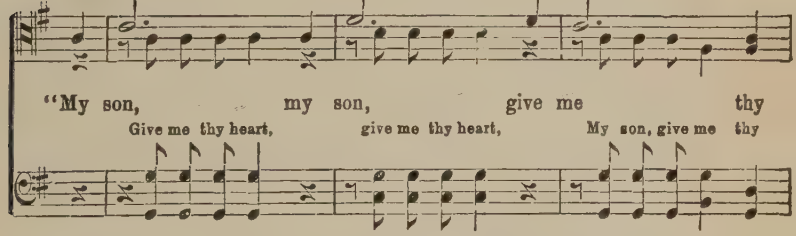
1. To thee, who from the nar-row road, In sin - ful ways so long have
2. Ah, well that gen-tle voice I know, For oft it called me long a-
3. "My son!" oh, word of might-y grace, That chil - dren of our mor - tal
4. How great that Father's love must be, How fond His yearn-ings aft - er
5. How pa - tient hath His spir-it been, To fol - low thee thro' all thy
6. O God, my Fa - ther! I o - bey; I come, I come to Thee to-



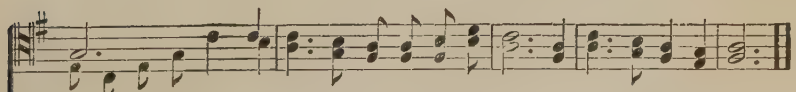
trod, How kind - ly speaks thy Fa-ther, God, "My son, give Me thy heart."
go, And now to thee it whis-pers low, "My son, give Me thy heart."
race With sons of God may take their place, "My son, give Me thy heart."
thee, That He should say so ten - der - ly, "My son, give Me thy heart."
sin, And plead, thy way-ward soul to win, "My son, give Me thy heart."
day, "Here Lord, I give my - self a - way, I give to Thee my heart!"



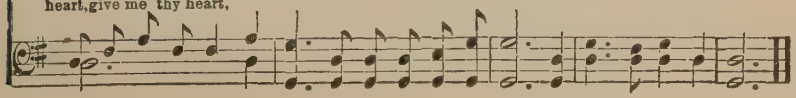
CHORUS.



"My son, my son, give me thy
Give me thy heart, give me thy heart, My son, give me thy

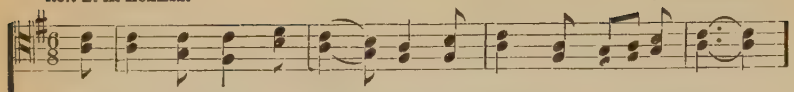


heart, Oh, hear and heed thy Father's call, And give to Him thy heart.
(*Last verse.*) I hear and heed my Father's call, And give to Him my heart.
heart, give me thy heart,

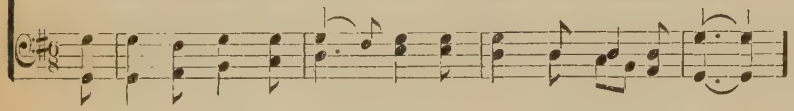


The Day of Mercy.

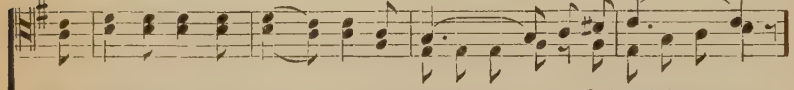
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. J. B. Herbert.



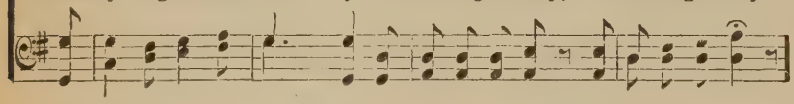
1. The sin - ner says, "To - mor - row," The Sav - ior says, "To-day;"
2. The sin - ner drowns in pleas - ure, Con - vict - tions of to - day:
3. The sin - ner grieves the Spir - it, And turns from Christ a - way;
4. O sin - ner come to Je - sus! No more, no more de - lay:



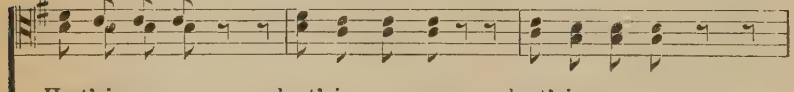
Is hast - - 'ning a - way.....



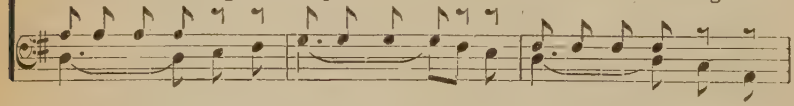
And still the day of mer - cy Is hast'ning a - way, is hast'ning a - way.
While still the day of mer - cy Is hast'ning a - way, is hast'ning a - way.
While still the day of mer - cy Is hast'ning a - way, is hast'ning a - way.
The day of grace and mer - cy Is hast'ning a - way, is hast'ning a - way.



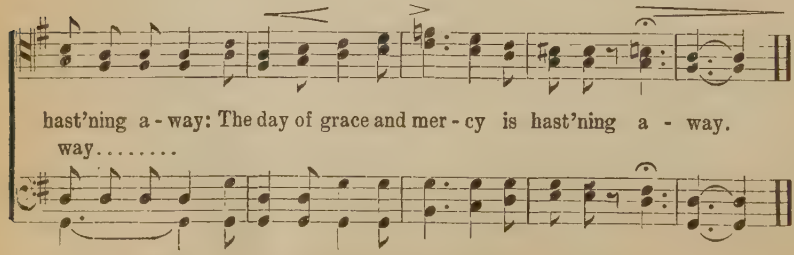
CHORUS.



Hast'ning a - way, hast'ning a - way, hast'ning a - way,
Hast - 'ning a - way..... is hast - 'ning a-



hast'ning a - way: The day of grace and mer - cy is hast'ning a - way.
way.....



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Light at Evening Time.

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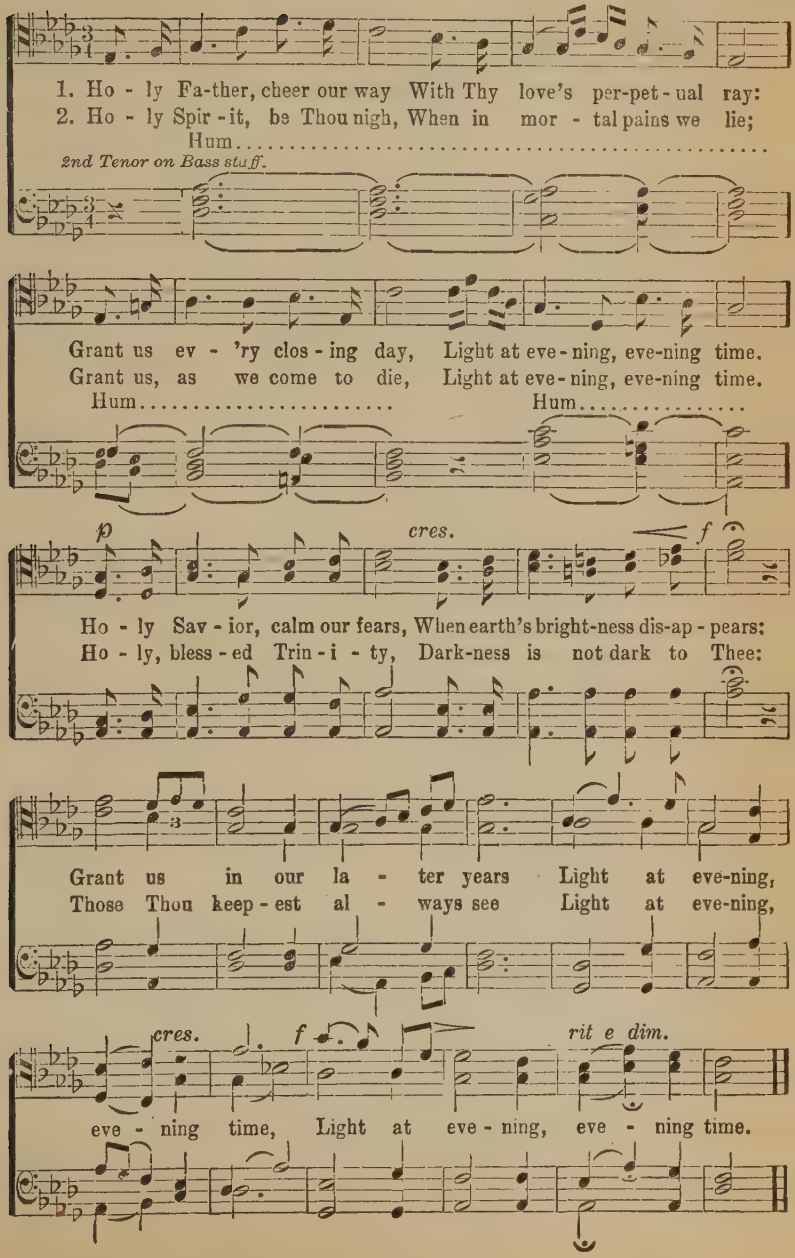
Melody by Franz Abt.
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.



'Tis The Last Call of Jesus.

BY PER FILLMORE BROS. CO.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1. 'Tis the last call of Je - sus That falls on thy heart;
2. 'Tis the last call of Je - sus That greets you to-night;
3. 'Tis the last call of Je - sus! It dies on the air,

Soon, grieved and re - ject-ed, He'll turn to de - part:
Oh, will you with cold-ness His mer - - cy re - quite?
And an - oth - er poor sin-ner Is left in de - spair:

O sin - ner, ac - cept Him! Re - ject Him no more!
Al - read - y He's turn-ing A - way from your heart!
Will you His rich mer-cy And ten - der - ness spurn,

rit e dim

Lest He leave you, un - par-doned, At sweet mer-cy's door.
Oh, quick - ly ac - cept Him, Ere He shall de - part.
Un - till He shall leave you, No more to re - turn?

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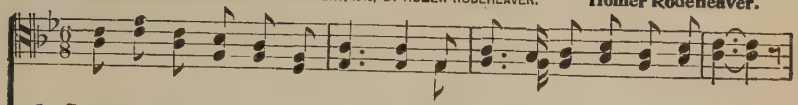
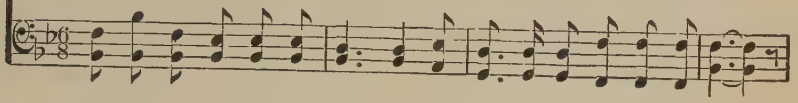
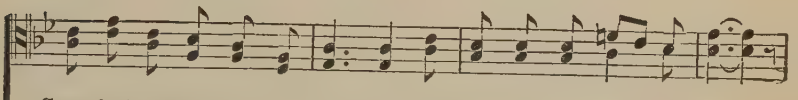
Somebody Cares.

Fannie Edna Stafforn. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER. Homer Rodeheaver.

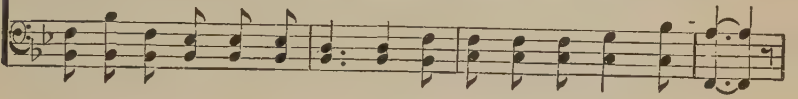


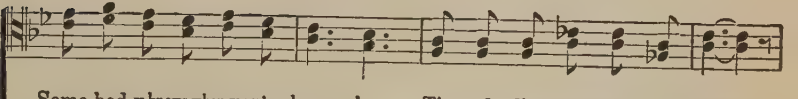
1. Some-body knows when your heart aches, And ev-'ry-thing seems to go wrong;
2. Some-body cares when you're tempted, And your mind grows dizzy and dim;
3. Some-body loves you when wea - ry; Some-bod-y loves you when strong;



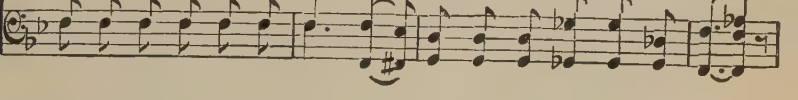


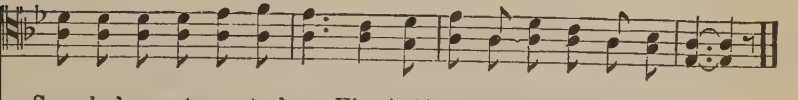
Some-bod-y knows when the shad - ows Need chas-ing a - way with song;
Some-bod-y cares when you're weak-est, And farth-est a - way from Him.
Al-ways is wait-ing to help you, He watch-es you—one of the throng.



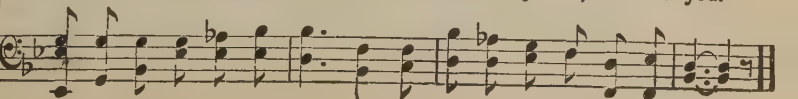


Some-bod-y knows when you're lone - ly, Ti - red, dis-cour-aged and blue;
Some-bod-y grieves when you're fall - en, You are not lost from His sight;
Need-ing His friendship so ho - ly, Need-ing His watch-care so true,





Some-bod-y wants you to know Him, And know that He dear-ly loves you.
Some-bod-y waits for your com - ing, And He'll drive the gloom from your night.
His name? We call His name Je - sus, He loves ev-'ry-one, He loves you.



The Blessed Old Gospel.

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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. B. Herbert.

1. Praise God for the gos - pel that came from a-bove, The gos - pel that
2. Praise God for the gos - pel is free to the world, A gift to the
3. Praise God for the her - alds up - on Zi - on's walls, Who preach the old
4. The bless - ed old gos - pel we'll love till we die, The gos - pel of

scat-ters our night; The bless - ed old gos - pel of in - fi - nite love,
chil-dren of men; Be - fore it sin's co-horts all back-ward are hurled;
gos - pel of peace; O'er mountain and val - ley the mes - sage now falls
light and of love; And when we have reached that fair ci - ty on high,

CHORUS. (*Familiar air.*)

The gos - pel of truth and of light.
They nev - er its prog-ress can stem.
That brings to the cap-tive re - lease.
We'll sing of its won-ders a - bove.

O the bless-ed old gos-pel, the

Repeat pp

life - giv-ing gos - pel, The soul - sav-ing gos - pel, The gos - pel of love!

The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn - ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh,
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the wil - low; Dis-
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall

D. S.—*spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale.
come to the church in the vale.
turb not her rest in the vale.
rest by her side in the tomb.

Come to the

Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No

come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

I Love Him.

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Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are the sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plain of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er - more, and by His grace I
doubts and fears with - in; Once was a - fraid to trust a liv - ing
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I

know The pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleans-es white as snow.
God, But now my guilt is washed a - way in Je - sus' blood.
live, To tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.

REFRAIN.

I love Him, I love Him, Be - cause He first loved me,

rit.

And pur - chased my sal - va - tion on Cal - va - ry.

Sail On!

C H. G.

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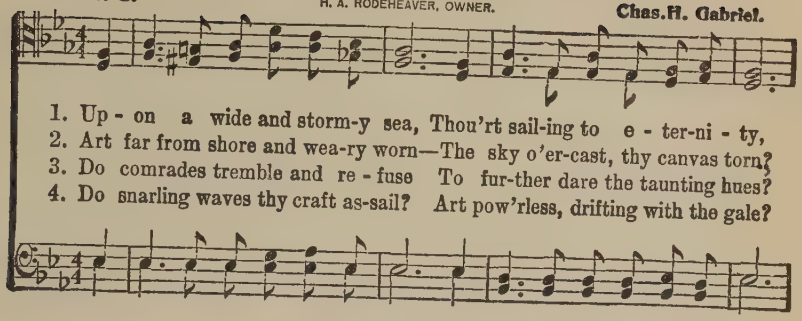
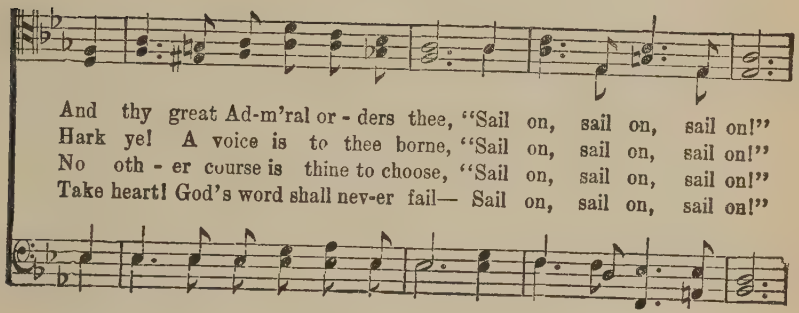
Chas. H. Gabriel.

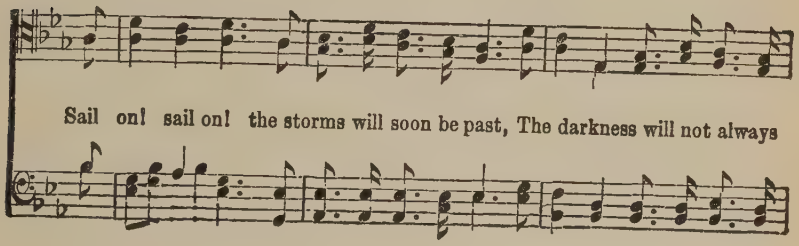


1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter-ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore and wea-ry worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy canvas torn?
3. Do comrades tremble and re - fuse To fur-ther dare the taunting hues?
4. Do snarling waves thy craft as-sail? Art pow'rless, drifting with the gale?

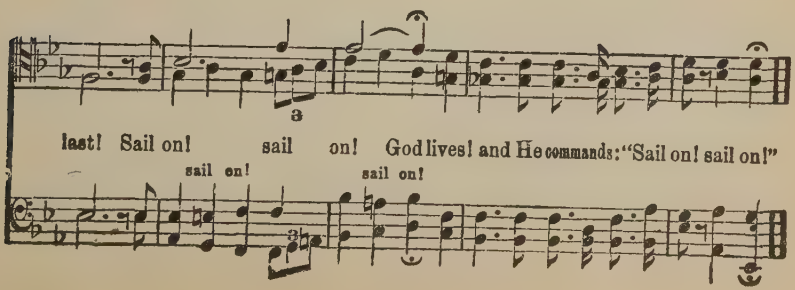


And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
Hark ye! A voice is to thee borne, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
No oth - er course is thine to choose, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail— Sail on, sail on, sail on!"

CHORUS. *Faster.*



Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The darkness will not always



last! Sail on! sail on! God lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!"

sail on! sail on!

The Homeland.

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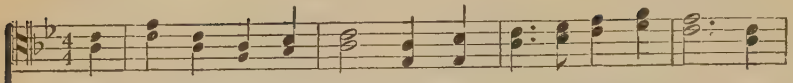
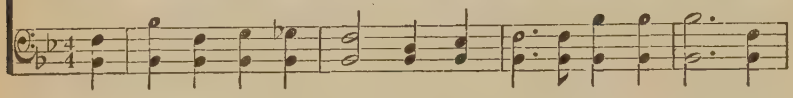
H. R. Haweis.

Arr. from the German for this work.



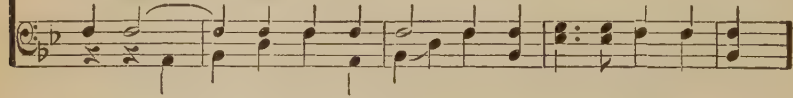
1. The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free born! No
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an-gels bright and fair; No
3. For loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come Where



gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn;
sin-ful thing nor e-vil, Can ev-er en-ter there;
nei-ther death nor sor-row In-vades their ho-ly home;

I'm sigh-ing for that coun-try, My heart is ach-ing here;
The mu-sic of the ran-somed Is ring-ing in my ears,
O dear, dear na-tive coun-try! O rest and peace a-bove!

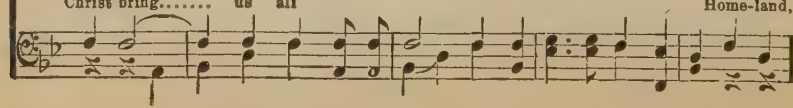
I'm sigh - - ing
The mu - - sic
O dear,..... dear



There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm drawing near.
And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are wet with tears.
Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of His e-ter-nal love.

There is..... no pain
And when..... I think
Christ bring..... us all

Home-land,



The Homeland.

The Home-land, O the Home-land, To which I'm draw-ing near. Home-

The Home - land, Home-land, Home - land, Home-land.....

land, Home-land, The Home-land so dear! The Home-land.....
The Home - land so dear.... Home-land.....

..... Home-land.....Home-land,..... Home-land..... the Home-land,

89 Just Abide.

Jno. R. Clements.

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B. D. Ackley.

Melody in 2nd Tenor.

1. Is the day's load heav - y? Just a - bide: And the day's road
2. Is the life's song min - or? Just a - bide: And the night long
3. Is the day's heat blight-ing? Just a - bide: And the worn feet

storm - y? Just a - bide: If your heart is grow - ing wea - ry, And your
star - less? Just a - bide: Nev-er cloud but sil - ver lin - ing; For the
wea - ry? Just a - bide: Pil-grim songs in notes are thrill - ing, All the

rit e dim.

sky is gray and drear-y; Just a-bide, and keep on a - bid - ing.
sun is some-where shin-ing, Just a-bide, and keep on a - bid - ing.
soul with rap - ture fill - ing; Just a-bide, and keep on a - bid - ing.

Praise Him Evermore.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Kücken.
Arr. for this work.

1. Praise the Lord, His glo-ries show, Saints with - in His courts be - low,
2. Praise the Lord, His mercies trace: Praise His prov - i - dence and grace,

An - gels 'round His throne a - bove, All that see and share His love:
All that He for man hath done, All He sends us thro' His Son:

Earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth, Tell His won - ders, sing His worth;
Strings and voic - es hands and hearts, In the con - cert bear your parts;

Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise Him, praise Him, ev - er - more,
All that breathe, your Lord a - dore, Praise Him, praise Him, ev - er - more,

ff

O praise Him, praise Him ev - er-more. O praise Him ev - er-more!

91 Bid the Din of Battle Cease.

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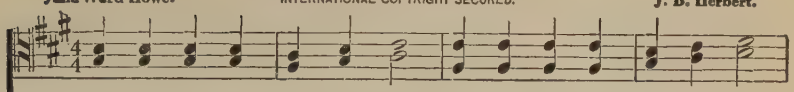
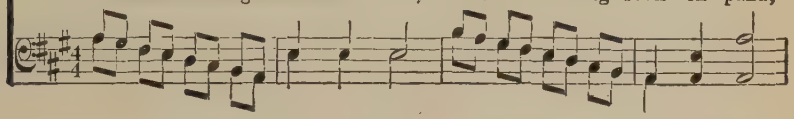
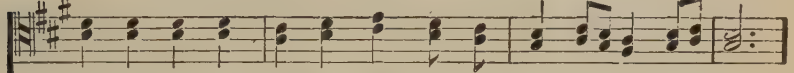
Julia Ward Howe. J. B. Herbert.

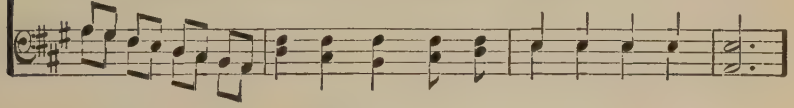


1. Bid the din of bat - tle cease! Fold - ed be the wings of fire!
2. Let the crim-son flood re - treat! Blend-ed in the arc of love,
3. Blinding pas-sion is sub - dued, Men dis-cern their com-mon birth;
4. High and ho - ly are the gifts He has lav-ished on the race—
5. As in heav'ns bright face we look, Let our kind - ling souls ex - pand;

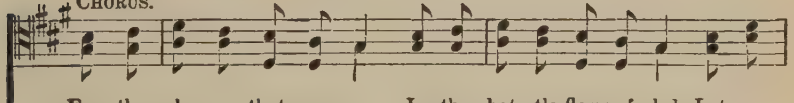




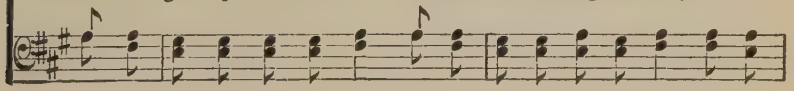
Let your cour - age con-quer peace—Ev - 'ry gen - tle heart's de - sire.
Let the flags of na-tions meet; Bind the rav - en, loose the dove.
God hath made of kin-dred blood All the na - tions of the earth.
Hope that quickens, pray'r that lifts, Hon - or's meed and beau - ty's grace.
Let us pledge on na-ture's book, Heart to heart and hand to hand.

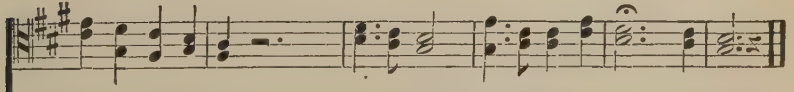


CHORUS.

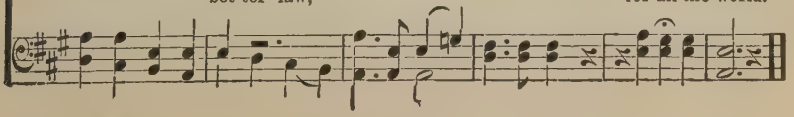


For the glo - ry that we saw In the bat - tle-flag unfurled, Let us





read Christ's better law; Fel-low-ship, fellowship for all the world!
bet-ter law; for all the world!



92 Jesus Remembered You.

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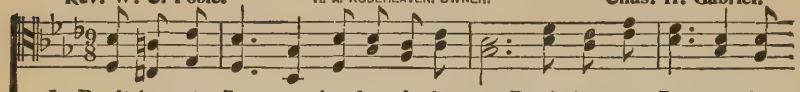
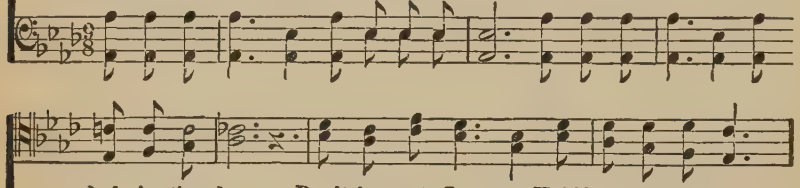
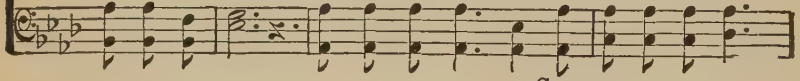
Rev. W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.



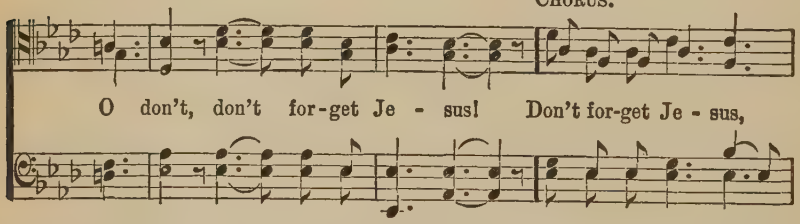
1. Don't for-get Je - sus when long is the way; Don't for-get Je - sus when
2. Don't for-get Je - sus! When tempted to sin, Trust in His prom-ise—He'll
3. Don't for-get Je - sus, for He tho't of you When you had wandered, when
4. Don't for-get Je - sus, but on Him re - ly! Time, like a riv - er, is



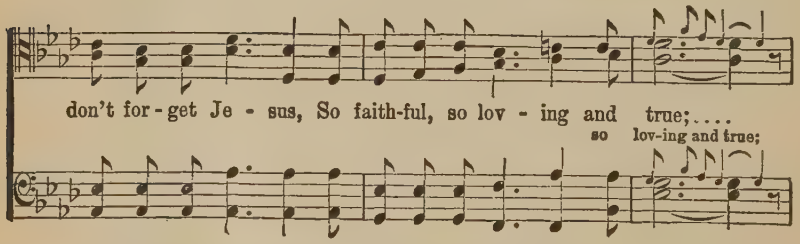
dark is the day; Don't for - get Je - sus, He'll hear when you pray,
help you to win; In all your bat - tles, with-out and with - in,
you were un - true; Je - sus was faith - ful the whole jour-ney thro',
wan-der-ing by! Sure - ly you'll need Him the hour you must die,



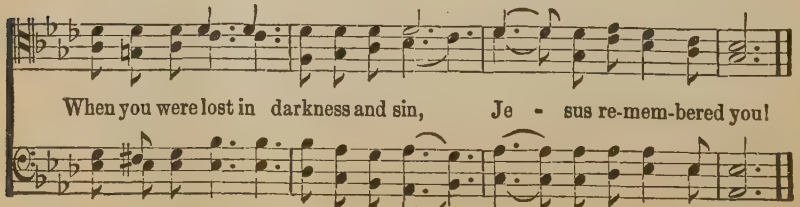
CHORUS.



O don't, don't for-get Je - sus! Don't for-get Je - sus,



don't for - get Je - sus, So faith-ful, so lov - ing and true;....
so lov-ing and true;



When you were lost in darkness and sin, Je - sus re-mem-bered you!

Fight the Good Fight.

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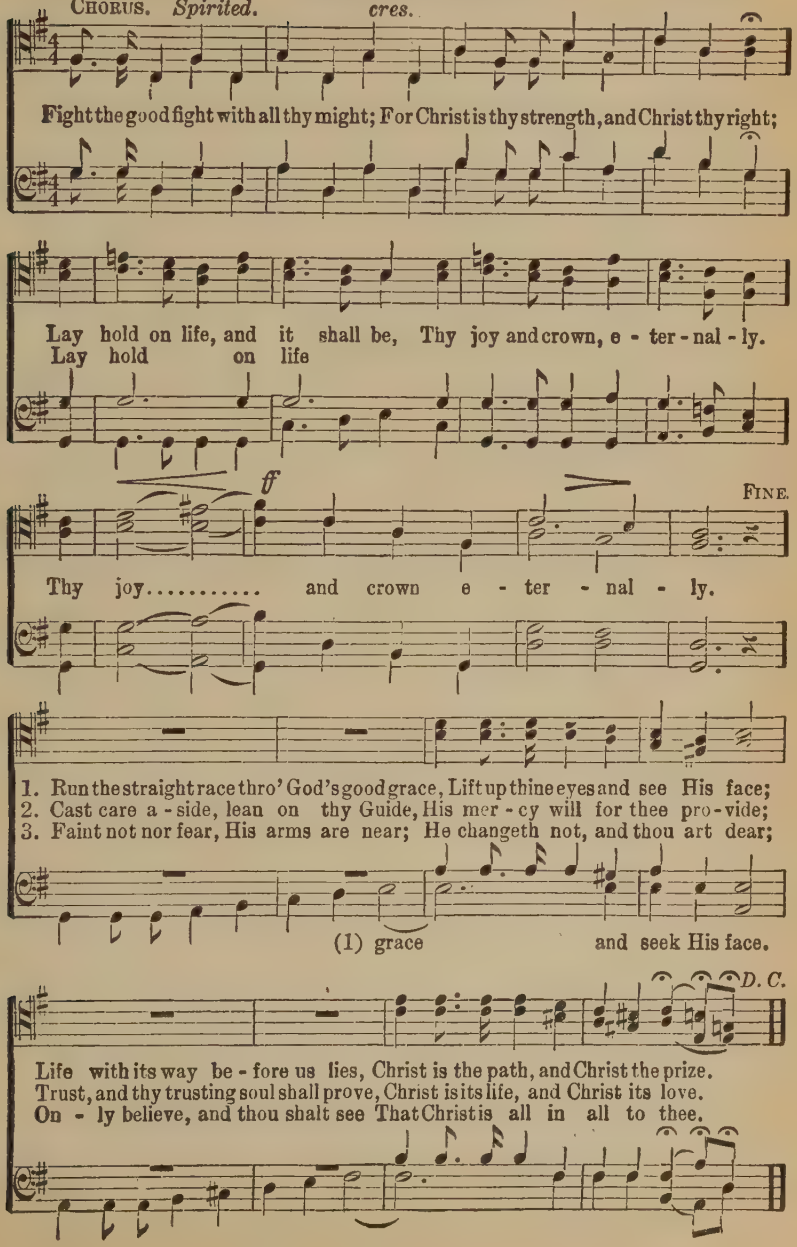
Rev. John S. B. Monsell. J. B. Herbert.



Going Down the Valley.

Jessie H. Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1890. BY FILLMORE BROS. J. H. Fillmore.

With feeling.

1. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, With our
2. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, When the
3. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, Hu - man

fa - ces t'ward the set - ting of the sun; Down the val - ley where the
la - bors of the wea - ry days are done; One by one the cares of
com-rade you or I will there have none: But a ten-der hand will

mourn-ful cy-press grows, Where the stream of death in si-lence on-ward flows.
earth for - ev - er past, We shall stand up-on the riv - er-bank at last.
guide us lest we fall, Christ is go - ing down the val-ley with us all.

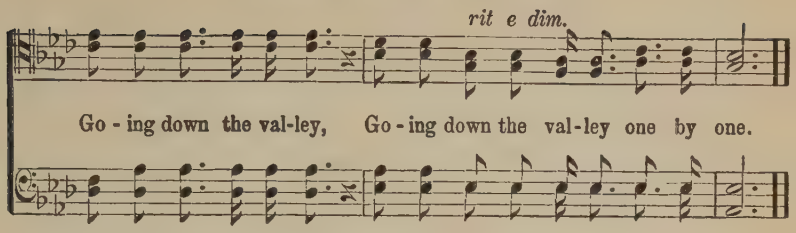
CHORUS. *mf*

We are go - ing down the val-ley, Go - ing down the val - ley,

p

Go-ing t'ward the set-ting of the sun; We are go-ing down the val-ley,

Going Down the Valley.



95 If You Cannot Cross the Ocean.

Daniel March.

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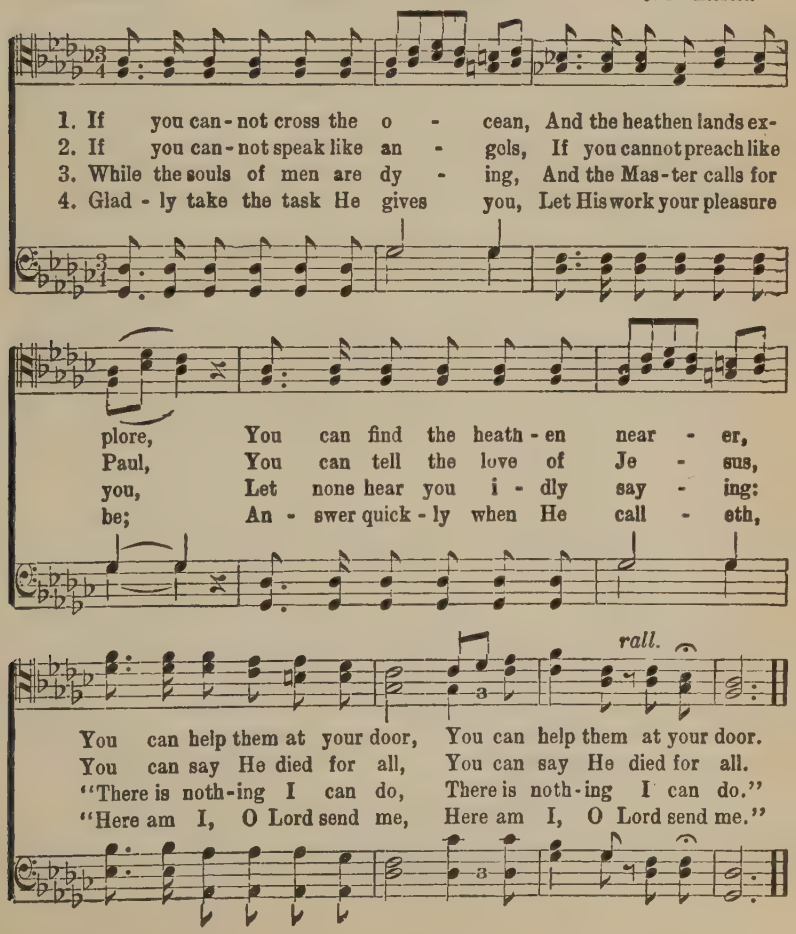
J. B. Herbert.



The Lord Bless Thee.

USED BY PERMISSION.

J. B. Herbert.

Andante.

1st Tenor. *p* *mf*

The Lord bless thee and keep thee; The Lord make His

2nd Tenor. *

The Lord bless thee and keep thee The Lord make His

1st & 2nd Bass.

p

face to shine up - on thee, and be gra-cious un - to thee. The

face to shine up - on thee, and be gra-cious un - to thee. The

f *rit e dim.* *pp*

Lord lift up his coun-te-nance up - on thee, and give thee peace.

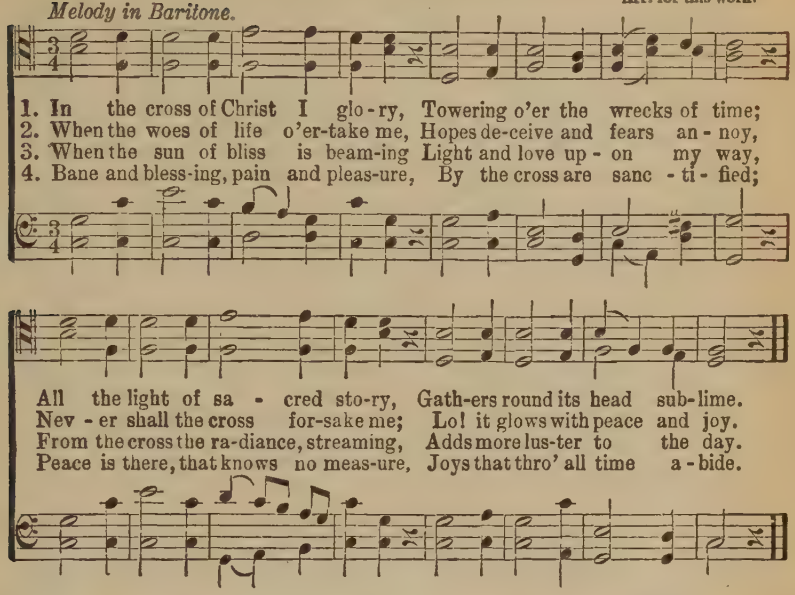
Lord lift up his coun-te-nance up - on thee, and give thee peace.

* Small notes for right hand to be played as if written on treble staff.

97 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

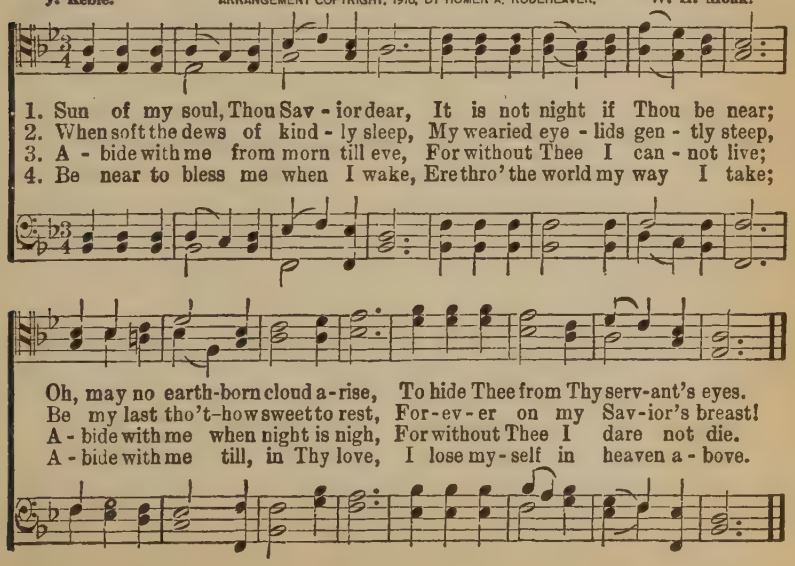
J. Bowring. ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER J. Conkey. Arr. for this work.

Melody in Baritone.



98 Sun of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear.

J. Keble. ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. W. H. Monk.



99 Speed Away.

Words adapted by Palmer Hartsough.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY FILLMORE BROS.

I. B. Woodbury.

1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! bless - ed gos - pel of light,
2. Speed a - way! speed a - way! love - ly her - alds of peace,
3. Speed a - way! speed a - way! with the mes - sage of love.

There's a re - gion that li - eth in dark-ness of night, There's a
To the cap - tives in sor - row go take thou re - lease, To the
And the lost will look up to the Fa - ther a - bove, They will

shad-ow of death on that des - o - late shore, And a sad call that
fall - en that moan on the dark fields of strife, To the dy - ing O
turn from the dark-ness of sin and of wrong, They will walk in the

comes to our ears ev - er - more; O spread thy bright pin - ions, O
speak thou the sweet words of life, O haste with thy heal - ing, Bright
sun - light of glad - ness and song, Thy God will be with thee, Then

ad lib. *rit.*

make no de - lay; Speed a - way! speed a - way, speed a - way.
beams of the day; Speed a - way! speed a - way, speed a - way.
why dost thou stay; Speed a - way! speed a - way, speed a - way.

Homeward Bound.

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J. B. Herbert.

1. Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride, We are
Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest - less tide, We are
2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We are
Look! yon - der lie the bright heav - en - ly shores, We are

f. FINE.

home-ward, home-ward bound, home-ward bound.....
home - - ward bound, homeward bound, home-ward bound.

Home - - - - - - ward bound
Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we rode,
Stead - y! O pi - lot, stand firm at the wheel,

Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode;
Stead - y we soon shall out - weath - er the gale:
Home - - - - - - ward bound,

D. S.

Prom - ise of which on us each He be - stowed; We are
O how we fly 'neath the loud - creak-ing sail; We are

101 God Bless Our President.

Words Arranged. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY J. B. HERBERT. J. B. Herbert.

1. God of all pow'r and might, Bless, bless our Pres - i - dent;
2. God hear our heart - felt pray'r, Bless, bless our Pres - i - dent;
3. Lord, may he fear Thy name, Bless, bless our Pres - i - dent;

Hear from Thy throne of light, Bless, bless our Pres - i - dent.
Make him Thy spe - cial care, Bless, bless our Pres - i - dent.
All e - vils put to shame, Bless, bless our Pres - i - dent.

cres.

Be Thou his strength and stay, Guid - ing his steps al - way,
Round him Thy mer - cies pour, Grant him still more and more,
May he in eq - ui - ty, O'er all the land so free,

cres.

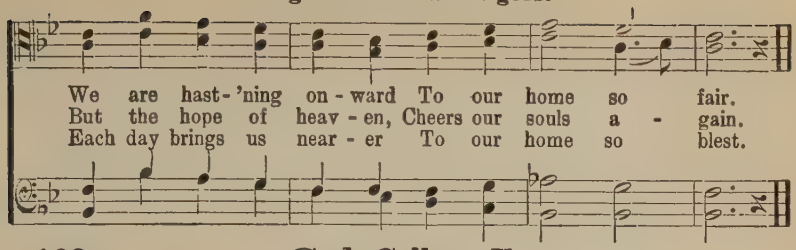
Guard - ing both night and day; God bless our Pres - i - dent.
Rich bless - ings in full store, God bless our Pres - i - dent.
Our faith - ful rul - er be; God bless our Pres - i - dent.

102 Pilgrims and Strangers.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. J. B. Herbert.

1. Pil - grims here, and strang - ers, As our fa - thers were,
2. Oft - times we are wea - ry, Of - ten times in pain,
3. Grief will there be rap - ture, Toil will there be rest;

Pilgrims and Strangers.



103 God Calling Yet.

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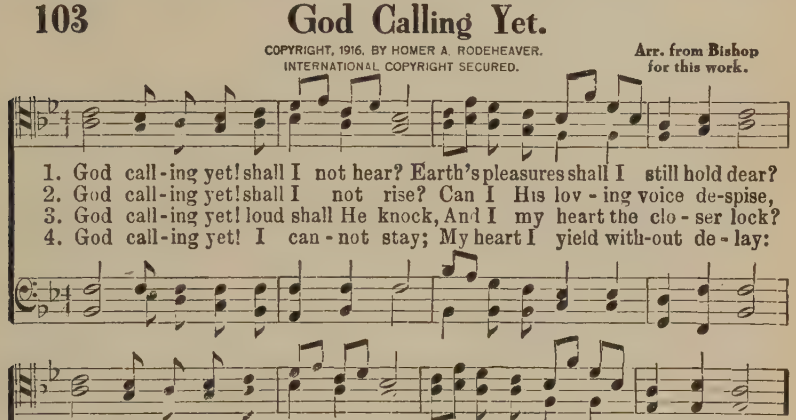
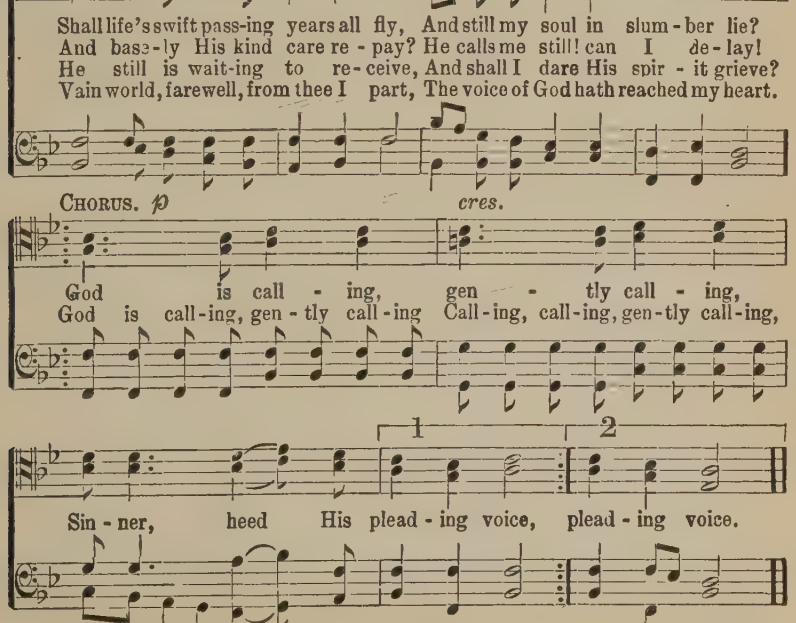
Arr. from Bishop for this work.





104 Thy Will Be Done.

Schmolke.

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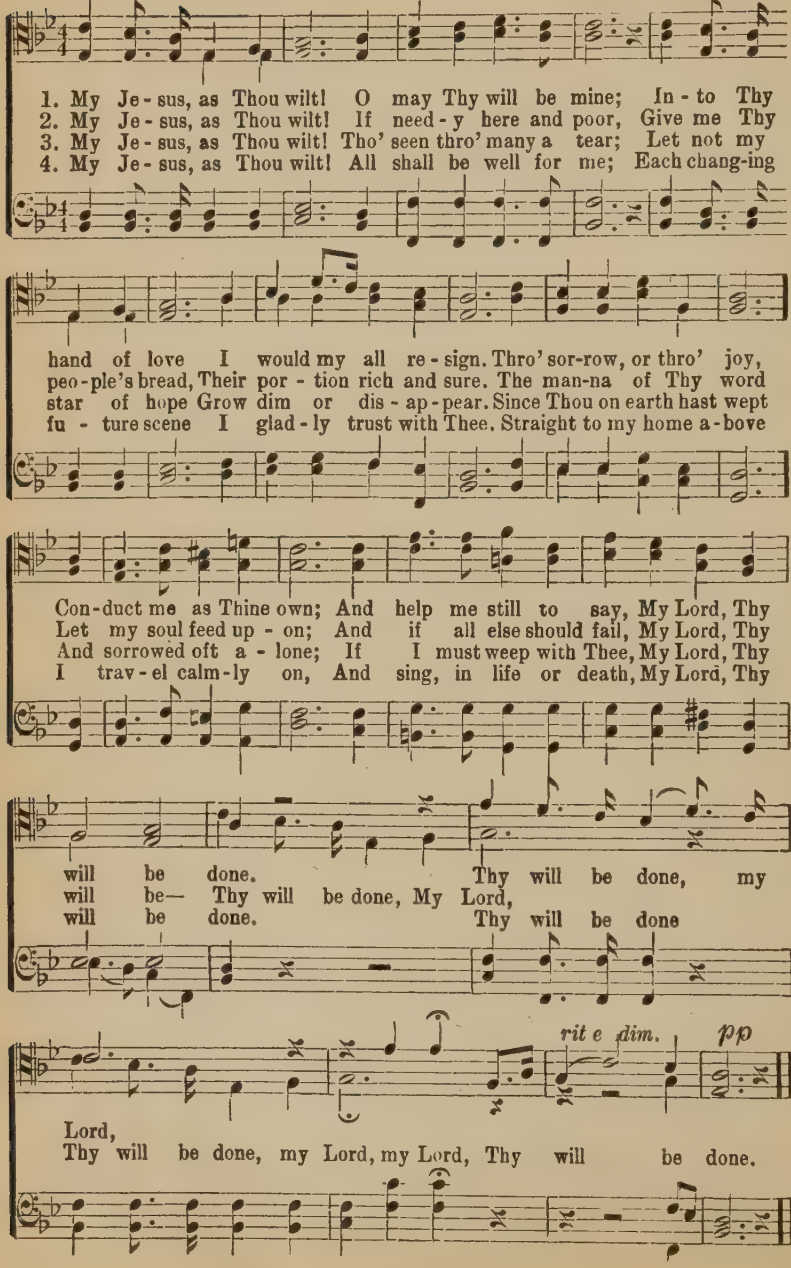
W. V. Wallace.
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.



105 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Sav - iour di - vine!
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire;
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my guide;
4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll,

*

Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt a-way, Oh, let me, from this day, Be whol-ly Thine.
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee, Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
Bid dark-ness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a - side.
Blest Savior! then, in love,
Fear and distrust re-move; Oh, bear me safe above, A ran-somed soul.

*Repeat may be sung by the basses.

106 Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of showr's of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me;
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er: Let Thy mer - cy light on me;
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav-iour, Let me live and cling to Thee;
I am long-ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt call - ing, O call me;
4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and bound-less Mag - ni - fy them all in me;

f *p* *rit.*

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call - ing, O call me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

107 Thou Art My Hope.

Psalm 71

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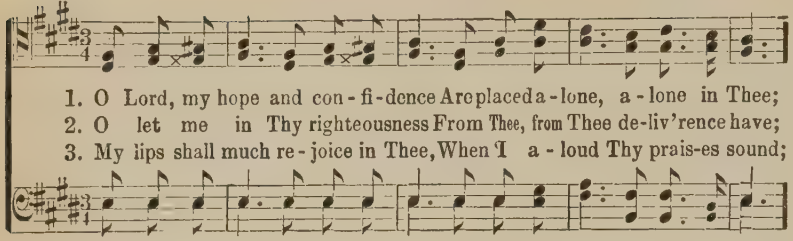
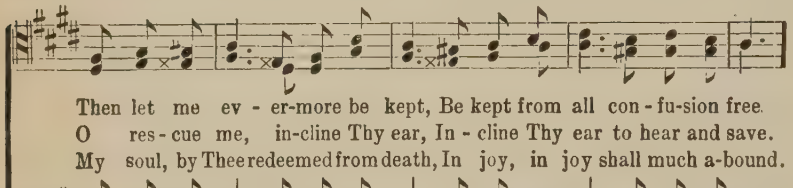
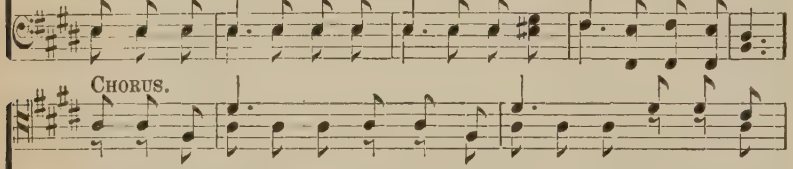
Arr. from Reichardt for this work.



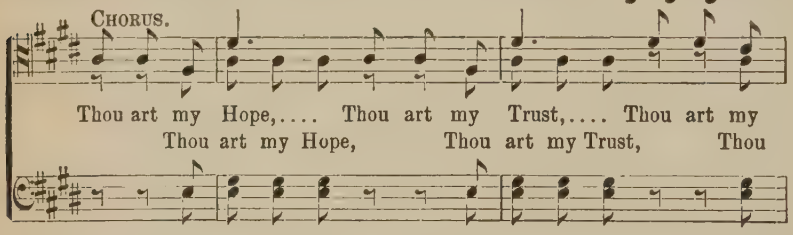
1. O Lord, my hope and con - fi - dence Are placed a - lone, a - lone in Thee;
2. O let me in Thy righteousness From Thee, from Thee de-liv'rence have;
3. My lips shall much re - joice in Thee, When I a - loud Thy prais-es sound;



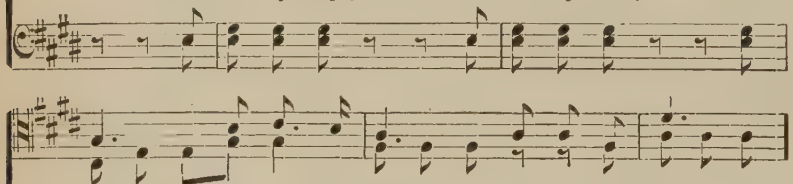
Then let me ev - er-more be kept, Be kept from all con - fu-sion free.
O res - cue me, in-cline Thy ear, In - cline Thy ear to hear and save.
My soul, by Thee redeemed from death, In joy, in joy shall much a-bound.



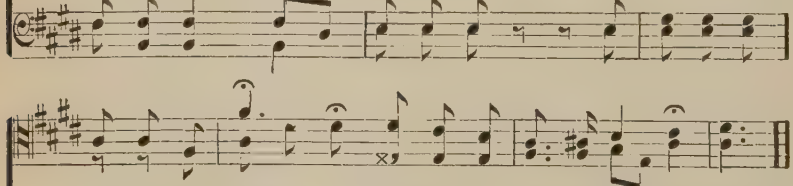
CHORUS.



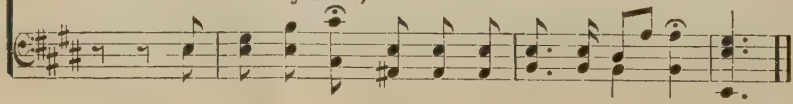
Thou art my Hope,.... Thou art my Trust,.... Thou art my
Thou art my Hope, Thou art my Trust, Thou



Rock and Ref - uge strong; Thou art my Hope,
art my Rock and Ref - uge strong; Thou art my Hope,



Thou art my Trust, Thou art my Rock and Ref-uge strong.
Thou art my Trust,



No Night There.

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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. B. Herbert.

DUET. TENOR AND BARITONE.

1. In yon - der cit - y, Cloud-less and fair, Comes darkness nev-er;
2. Here we have darkness, Long nights of care; No darkness yonder,
3. Here we have sor-row, Each one his share; No tears in heaven,
4. Here we have cross-es That we must bear; No tri - als yonder,
5. That Light up yon-der, Ra - diant and fair, Is Christ, our Savior.

p CHORUS.

No night there. No night there, No night there,
No night there, No night there,

cres.

Light ev - er - last - ing! No night there, No night there,
No night there, No night there,

cres. *p*

No night there, God's ho - ly cit - y; No night there!
No night there,

109 May Jesus Christ be Praised.

Tr. by Edward Caswell.

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J. B. Herbert.

m *cres.*

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries.....
May Jesus Christ be praised,
2. Does sad-ness fill my mind, A sol-ace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised,
3. In heav-en's eternal bliss The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised,

m *cres.*

May Je - sus Christ be praised! A-like at work and prayer, To Je-sus I re-
May Je - sus Christ be praised! Or fades my earthly bliss, My comfort still is
May Je - sus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea, and sky, From depth to height re-

cres. *ff*

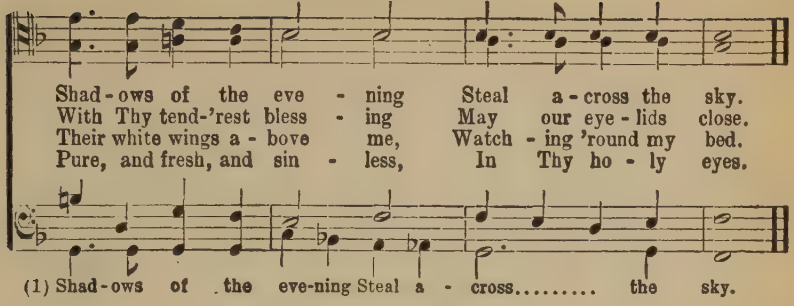
pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised,..... be praised.
this; May Je - sus Christ be praised,..... be praised.
ply, May Je - sus Christ be praised,..... be praised.

110 Now the Day is Over.

S. B. Gould. J. Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry, Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,

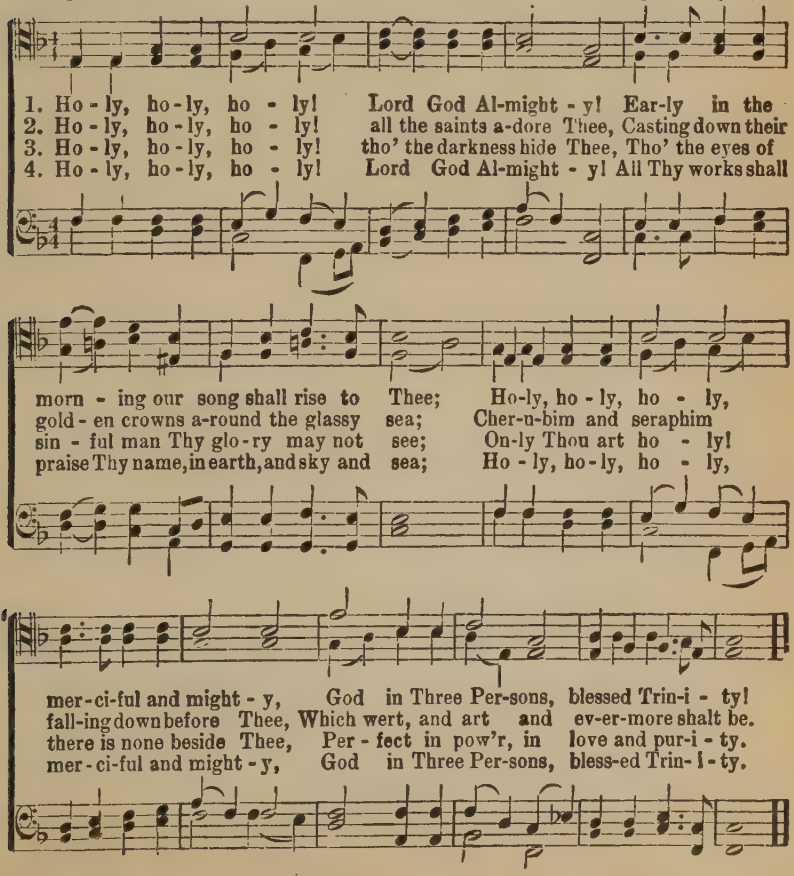
Now the Day is Over.



111 Holy, Holy, Holy!

Reginald Heber.

Arr. for this work.
John B. Dykes.



112 Move Forward!

C. H. G.

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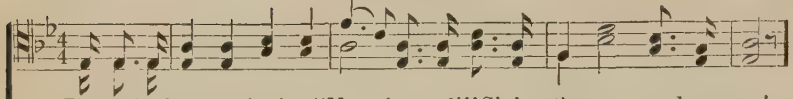
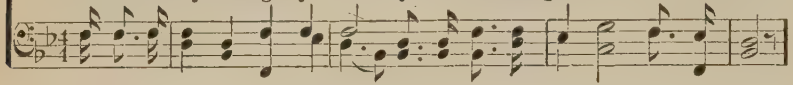
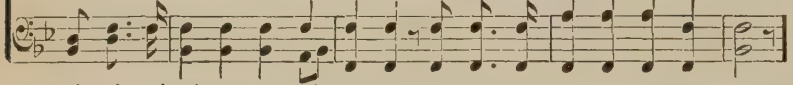
Arr. by Chas. H. Gabriel.



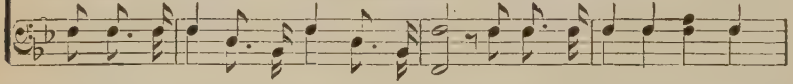
1. The or-der has gone forth—"Move forward!" Gird on the armor and a - way!
2. From far and near the cry rings "Help us!" Behold, the mo-ment is at hand
3. Be-fore thine eyes a might-y ar - my Goes marching onward to the grave;



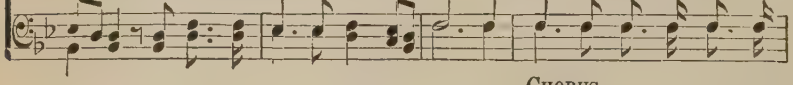
In columns firm and strong advancing On to the front without de - lay.
When ev'ry loy - al Chris-tian sol-dier Should hear and heed the Lord's command.
And will ye see them pressing for-ward, Nor reach a friend - ly hand to save,



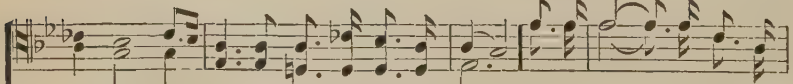
On to the front! oh, be up and a - way! Let not the din of strife o'er-
Should hear the Lord, for He speaks to command, For Satan's strongholds must be
Nor reach a hand to de - liv - er and save? From o'er the waters, too, comes



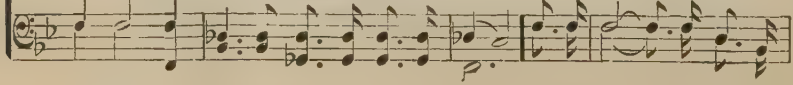
whelm thee; Let not the en - e - my a - larm, For lo! there go - eth on be-
ta - ken, His i - dols must be o - ver-thrown; Let ev - 'ry vol - un-teer a-
ring - ing The plead-ing Mac-e-do - nian cry; Oh, Christian, rouse ye from thy



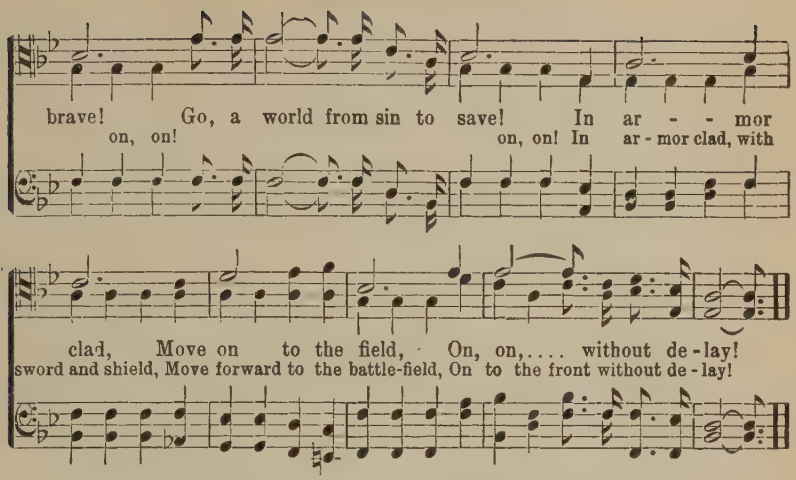
CHORUS.



fore thee One a - ble to de-fend from harm.
wak - en, And make the cause of right his own. To the front, O sol - dier
slum - ber, And an-swer, "Master, here am I!"

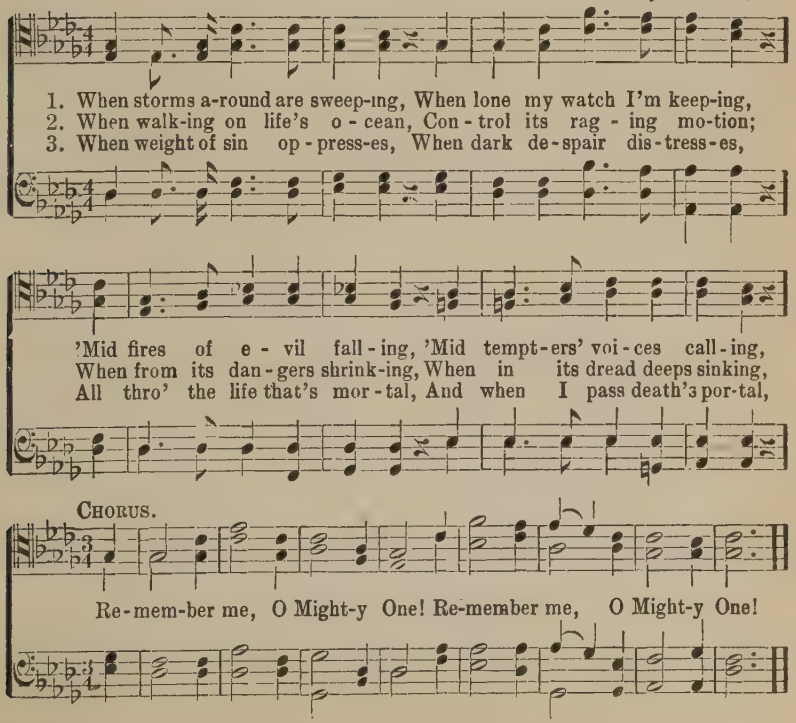


Move Forward!



113 Remember Me, O Mighty One!

Joanna Kinkel.



114 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

Joseph Scriven. USED BY PERMISSION. C. C. Converse. Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to
2. Have we tri-als and temp-ta - - tions, Is there trouble a - ny-
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - - den, Cum-bered with a load of

1. What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All our
2. Have we tri-als and temptations, Is there
3. Are we weak and heav-y-la-den, Cumbered

bear! What a priv - i - lege to car - ry,
where? We should nev - er be dis - cour - - aged
care? Pre - cious Sa7 - ior, still our ref - - uge,

sins and griefs to bear! What a priv - i - lege to car - ry,
trou - ble a - ny - where? We should nev - er be dis-cour-aged,
with a load of care? Pre-cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,

Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r..... O what peace we oft - en
Take it to the Lord in pray'r..... Can we find a friend so
Take it to the Lord in pray'r..... Do thy friends de-spise, for-

to God in pray'r.
the Lord in pray'r.
the Lord in pray'r.

What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

for - feit, O what needless pain we bear..... All be-cause we do not
faith-ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?.... Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry
sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,..... In His arms He'll take and

All be-
Je - sus
In His

car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!.....
weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!.....
shield thee, Thou wilt find a shel - ter there.....

cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r! (to God in pray'r!)
knows our ev-'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r! (the Lord in pray'r!)
arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a shelter there. (a shel-ter there.)

115 Death and Eternity.

C. H. G. USED BY PERMISSION. Chas. H. Gabriel.

Feelingly.

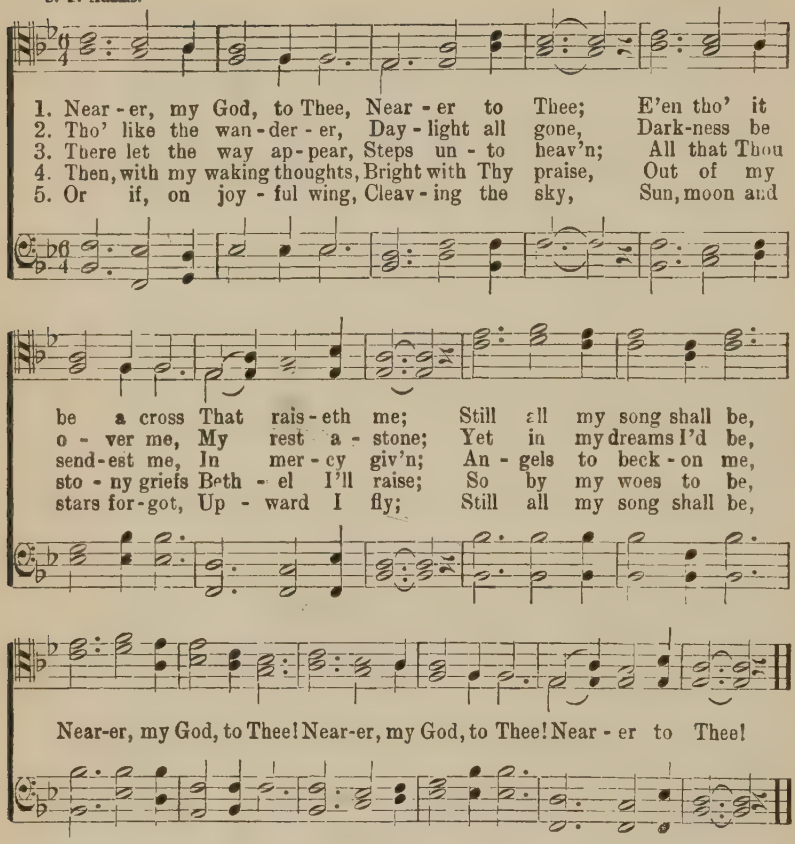
1. Com-ing when the day is bright, Com-ing in the si - lent night, Com-ing at the
2. Com-ing to the gay and proud, Coming with a snow white shroud, Coming to the
3. Com-ing with unhindered sway, Com-ing ev-'ry fleet-ing day, Com-ing to the
4. Com-ing to the sin - ful one, Com-ing when our life is done, Gath'ring to the

ad lib. *Echo.*

morn-ing light,
gray head bowed, Coming, coming, death and e - ter-ni-ty, *E - ter-ni-ty.*
young and gay,
judg-ment throne.

116 Nearer My God to Thee.

S. F. Adams. Lowell Mason.



117 As Flows the River.

Anon.

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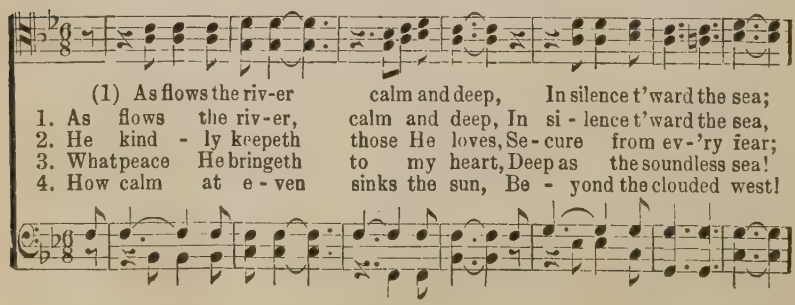
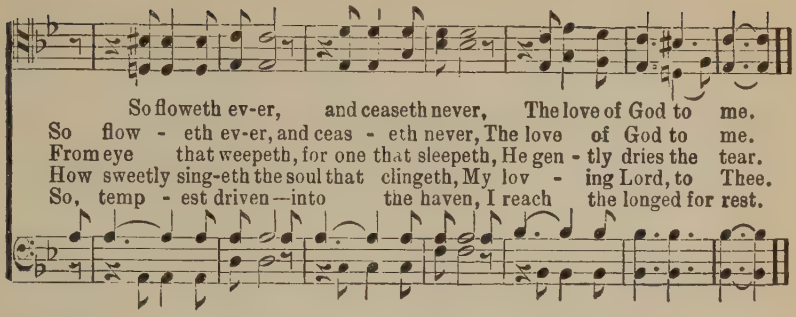
J. B. Herbert.

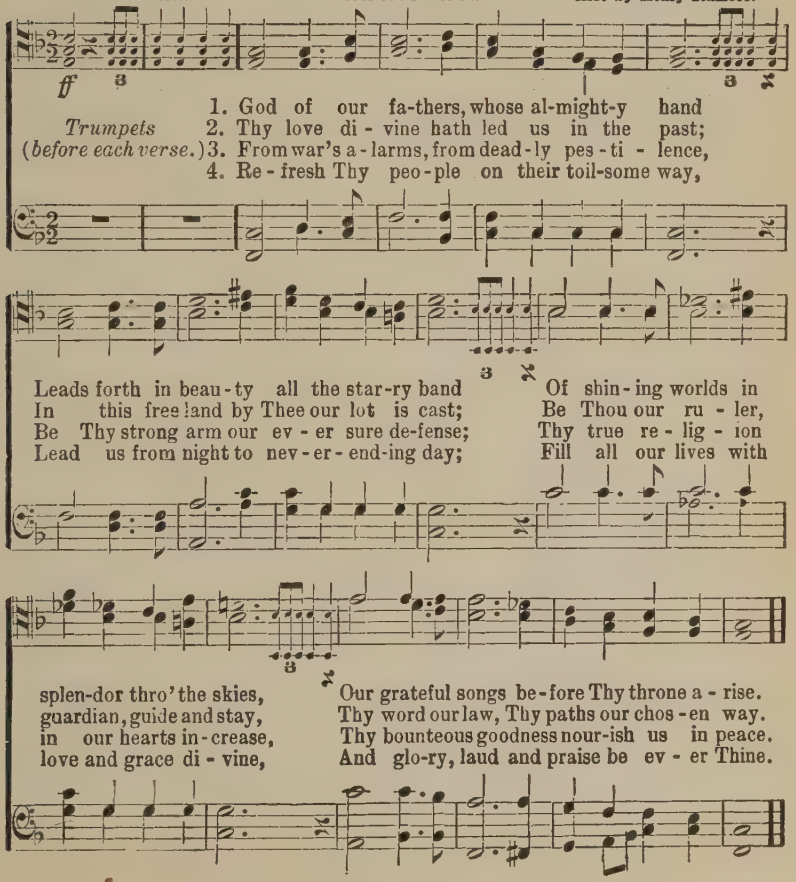


As Flows the River.



118 God of Our Fathers.

Daniel C. Roberts. USED BY PERMISSION. George W. Warren. Arr. by Henry Fillmore.



Plantation Songs.

119 Lord, I Want to be a Christian.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER

Arr. for this work.

p

1. Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In-a my heart, in-a my heart;
2. Lord, I want to be more lov-ing In-a my heart, in-a my heart;
3. Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In-a my heart, in-a my heart;
4. I don't want to be like Ju-das In-a my heart, in-a my heart;
5. Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In-a my heart, in-a my heart;

p *p*

Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian, In-a my heart.
Lord, I want to be more lov-ing, In-a my heart.
Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In-a my heart.
I don't want to be like Ju-das In-a my heart.
Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In-a my heart.

m REFRAIN. *cres.*

In-a my heart,..... In-a my heart.....
In-a my heart, In-a my heart.

p *rit e dim.*

Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In-a my heart...
Lord, I want to be more lov-ing In-a my heart...
Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In-a my heart...
I don't want to be like Ju-das In-a my heart...
Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In-a my heart...

Some O These Days.

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Arranged by
Homer A. Rodeheaver.

1. I'm a - go - na walk on the streets of glo - - - - ry,
2. I'm a - go - na sing an' a - shout for - ev - - - - er,
3. I'm a - go - na see my saint - ed moth - - - - er,
4. I'm a - go - na see my bless - ed Sav - - - ior,

p *cres.*

I'm a - go - na walk on the streets of glo - ry some o' these days,
I'm a - go - na sing an' a - shout for - ev - er some o' these days,
I'm a - go - na see my saint - ed moth - er some o' these days,
I'm a - go - na see my bless - ed Sav - ior some o' these days,

f

Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm a - go - na walk on the streets of glo - - - ry,
Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm a - go - na sing an' a-shout for - ev - - - er,
Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm a - go - na see my saint - ed moth - - - er,
Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm a - go - na see my bless - ed Sav - - ior,

rall.

Go - na walk on the streets of glo - ry some o' these days.....
Go - na sing an' a-shout for - ev - er some o' these days.....
Go - na see my saint - ed moth - er some o' these days.....
Go - na see my bless - ed Sav - ior some o' these days.....
some o' these days.

121 Go Ring Dem Bells.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1st Tenor. Before each verse.

O Pe-ter, go ring dem bells; Pe-ter, go ring dem bells;

2nd Tenor.

Bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,

1st and 2nd Bass.

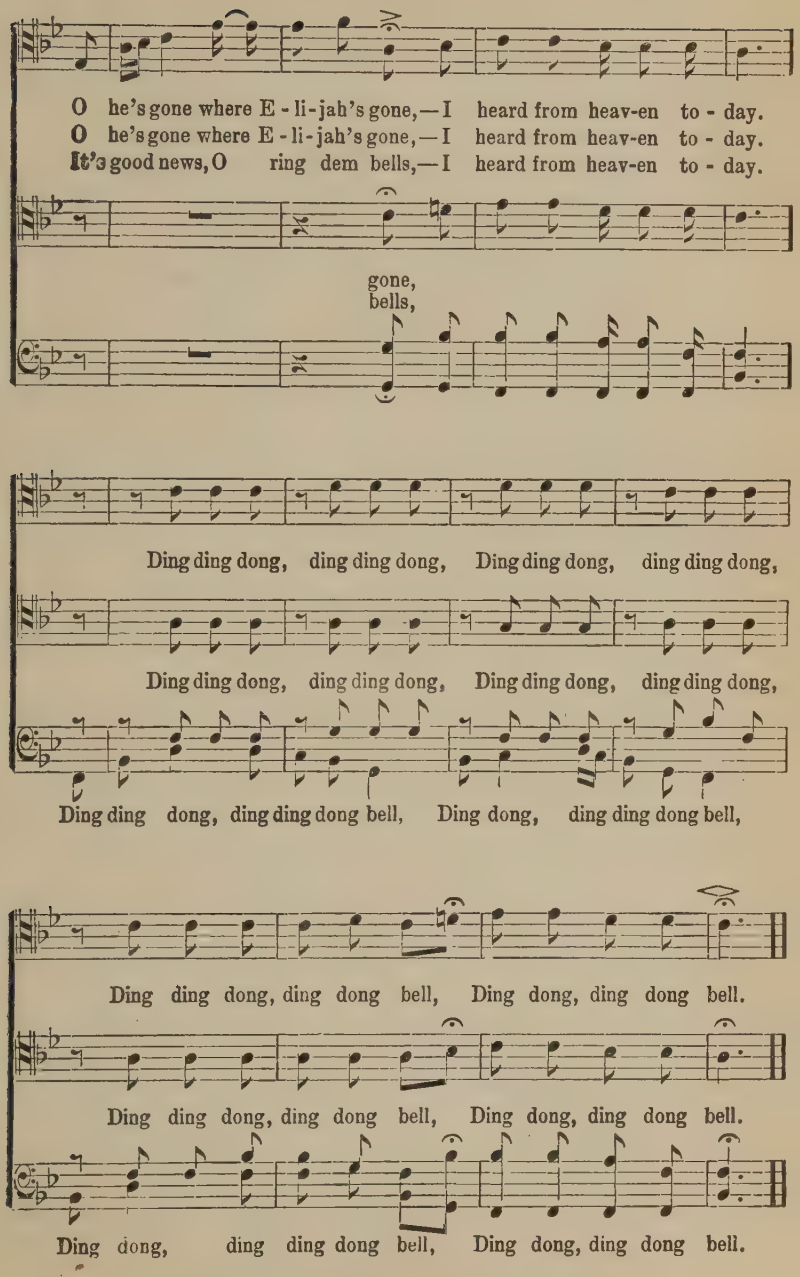
Pe - ter, go ring dem bells, I heard from heav - en to - day.

bells, bells, I heard from heav - en to - day.

1. I wonder where brudder Moses's gone, I wonder where brudder Moses's gone,
2. I wonder where brudder Daniel's gone, I wonder where brudder Daniel's gone,
3. It's good news, O ring dem bells, It's good news, O ring dem bells,

1-2. gone, gone,
3. bells, bells,

Go Ring Dem Bells.



122 O Fare You Well, My Brother.

Arr. for this work.

1. O fare you well, my broth-er, Fare-well for-ev - er, O fare-well, my
2. O fare you well, my sis - ter, Fare-well for-ev - er, O fare-well, my

CHORUS.

broth-er, for I am go-ing home. O good-bye, good-bye,
sis - ter, for I am go-ing home.

Repeat softly.

I'm bound to leave you; Good-bye, good-bye, for I am go-ing home.

123 Until de War is Ended.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Plantation Song.
Arr. for this work.

1. { Mine eyes are turned to the heb-benly gate, Un - til de war is end-ed.
{ I'll keep my way, or I'll be too late, Un - til de war is end-ed. }
2. { De tall - est tree in Par - a - dise, Un - til de war is end-ed.
{ De Chris-tians call de Tree of Life Un - til de war is end-ed. }
3. { Green trees a - burn - in' why not de dry? Un - til de war is end-ed.
{ My Sav - ior died, and why not I? Un - til de war is end-ed. }

Until de War is Ended.

CHORUS.

Stay in de field,..... Stay in de field.....
O war - rior, O war - rior,

Stay in de field Un - til de war is end - ed.

124 I've Been List'ning.

ARRA 'GEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Arr. for this work.

I've been list-'ning all de night long, Been list-'ning all de
List'ning, list'-ning, list-'ning, list-'ning, list-'ning, list-'ning,

Repeat softly. FINE.

day. I've been list-'ning all de night long To hear some sin-ner pray.
list-'ning list-'ning, list'ning all de night long.

BARITONE SOLO.

1. Some said that John, de Bap-tist, was noth-ing but a Jew,
2. Go read the fifth of Matthew, an' read de chap-ter thro',

D. C.

But de Bi-ble doth in-form us Dat he was a preacher, too.
It is de guide to Christians, An' a-tells dem what to do-

125 View De Land.

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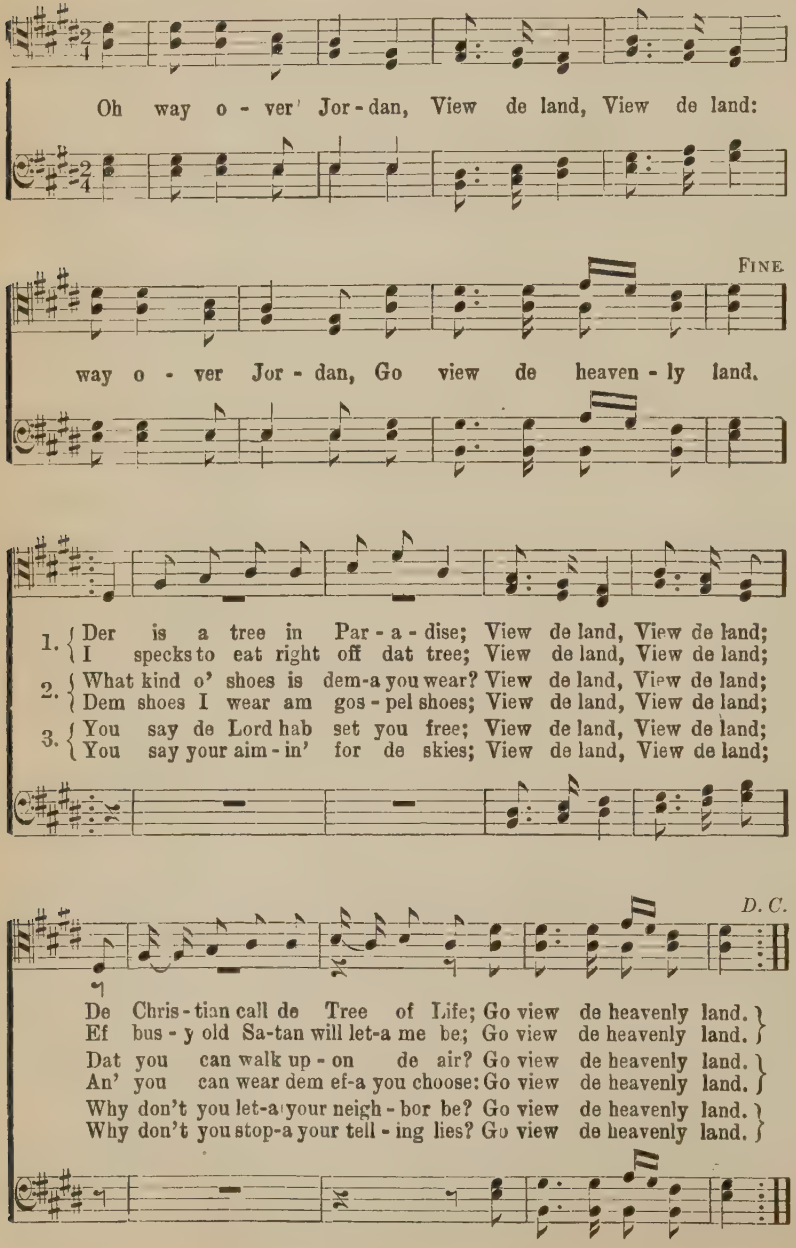

126 I Know the Lord's Laid His Hands on Me.

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1st Tenor.

O I know the Lord, I know the Lord, I know the Lord's laid His

2nd Tenor.

I know the Lord, I know the Lord, I know the Lord's laid His

1st and 2nd Bass.

1 2 FINE.

hands on me, hands on me.

Did ev-er you see the like be - fore?
King Je - sus preaching to the poor
O was - n't that a hap-py day?
When Je - sus washed my sins a - way?
Some seek the Lord, and don't seek right,
They fool all day and pray all night;
O my Lord's done just what He said,
He's healed the sick and raised the dead,

hands on me. hands on me.....

1 2 D. C.

I know the Lord's laid His hands on me; hands on me.

I know the Lord's laid His hands on me; hands on me.

*After D.C. these notes staccato.

127 I've Been Toilin' at de Hill.

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Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

CHORUS.

I've been toil - in' at de hill so long, O yes! I've been

toil - in' at de hill so long, Thank God! I've been toil - in' at de

FINE.

hill so long, my Lord, An' a-bout to git to heb-ben at last.

1. O broth-er, aint you glad? O broth-er, aint you glad?
2. O sis - ter, aint you glad? O sis - ter, aint you glad?
3. O moth-er, aint you glad? O moth-er, aint you glad?

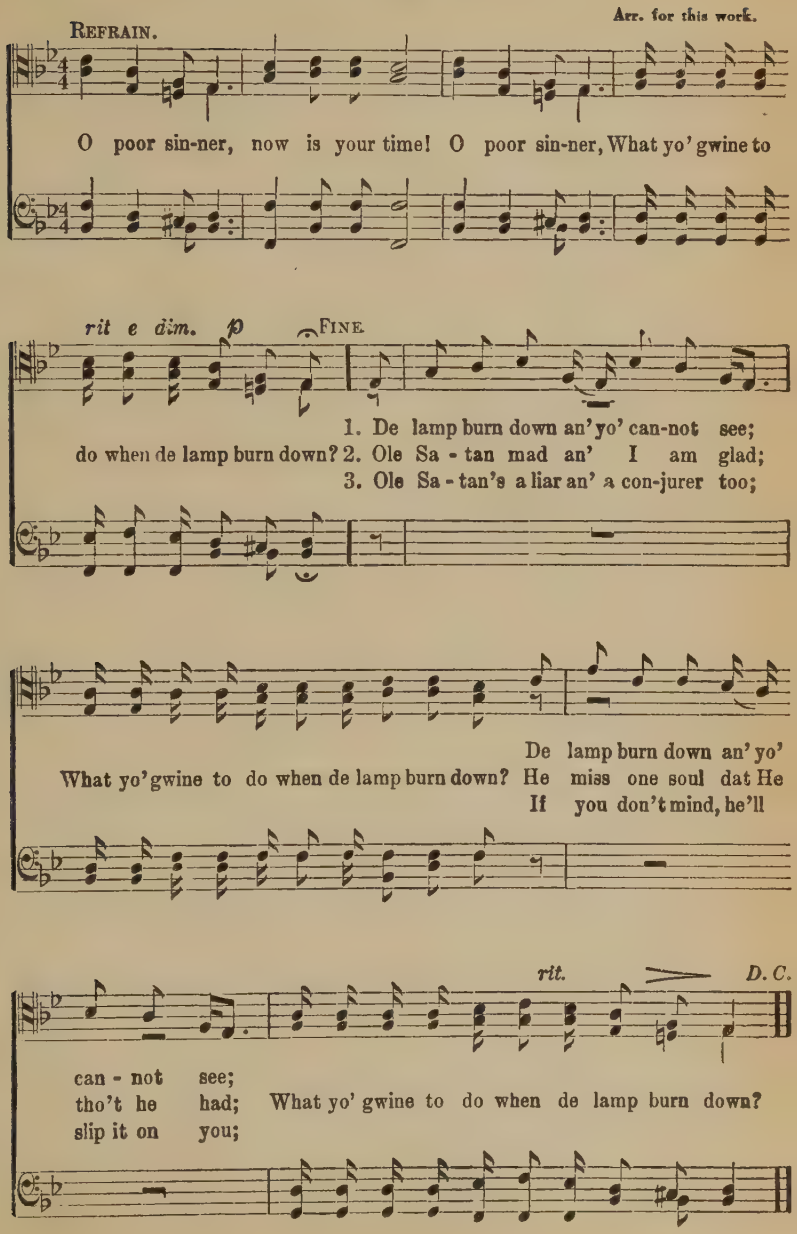
O yes! Thank God!

D. C.

O broth - er, aint you glad, my Lord? An' a-bout to git to hebben at last!
O sis - ter, aint you glad, my Lord? An' a-bout to git to hebben at last!
O moth - er, aint you glad? my Lord? An' a-bout to git to hebben at last!

When De Lamp Burn Down.

Arr. for this work.



129 Don't Get Weary.

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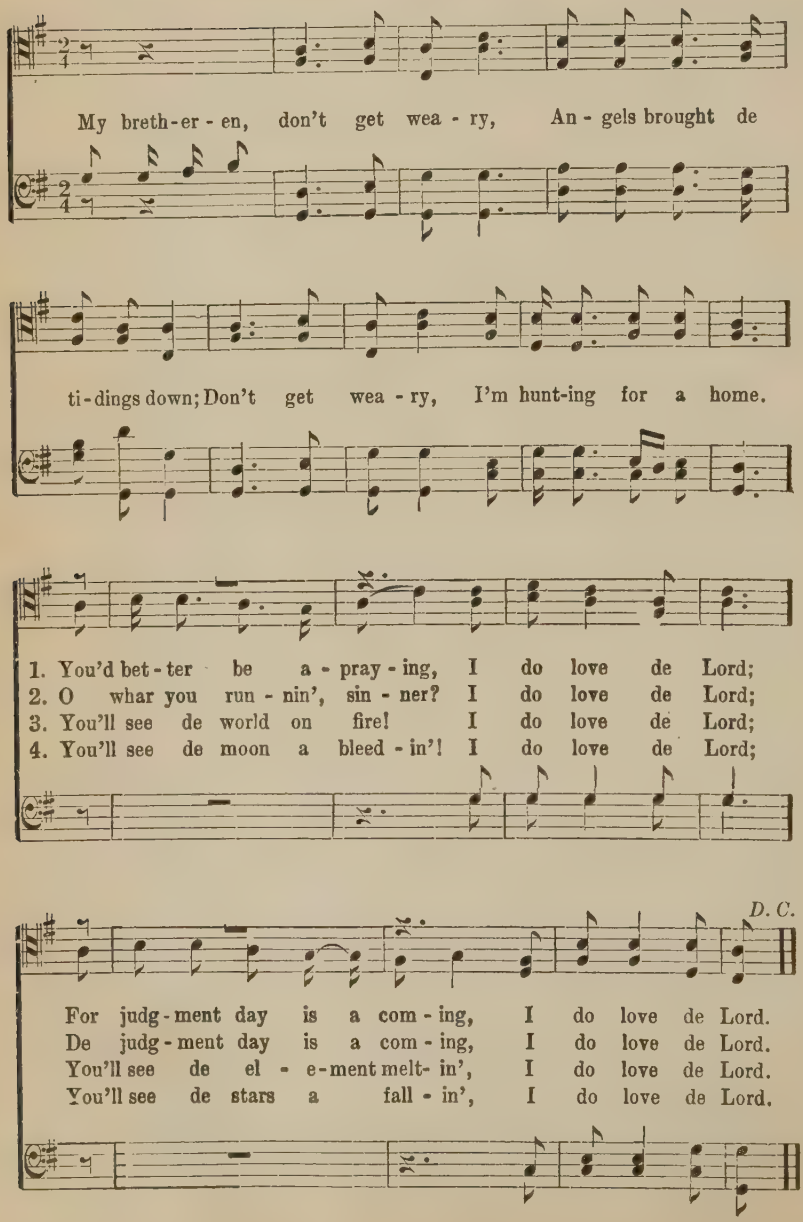
Arr. for this work.



Hard Trials.

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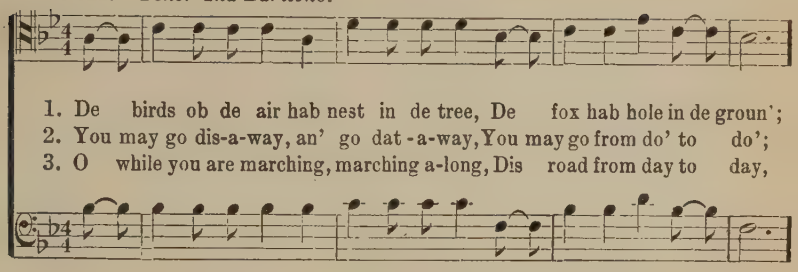
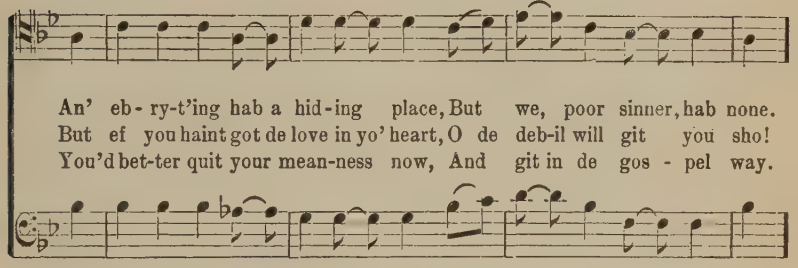
Words and music arr. for this work.

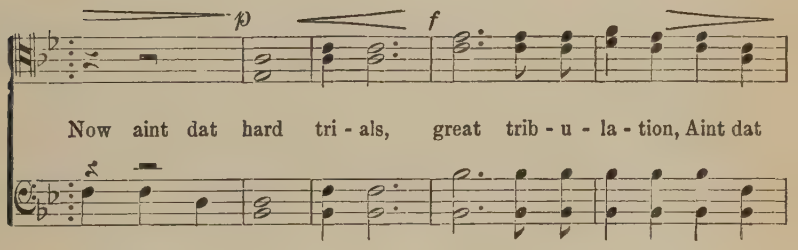
DUET. *Tenor and Baritone.*



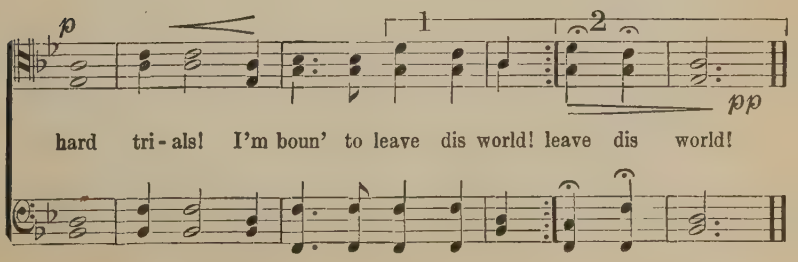
1. De birds ob de air hab nest in de tree, De fox hab hole in de groun';
2. You may go dis-a-way, an' go dat-a-way, You may go from do' to do';
3. O while you are marching, marching a-long, Dis road from day to day,



An' eb-ry-t'ing hab a hid-ing place, But we, poor sinner, hab none.
But ef you haint got de love in yo' heart, O de deb-il will git you sho!
You'd bet-ter quit your mean-ness now, And git in de gos-pel way.



Now aint dat hard tri-als, great trib-u-la-tion, Aint dat



hard tri-als! I'm boun' to leave dis world! leave dis world!

131 De Love Come A-Trickaling Down.

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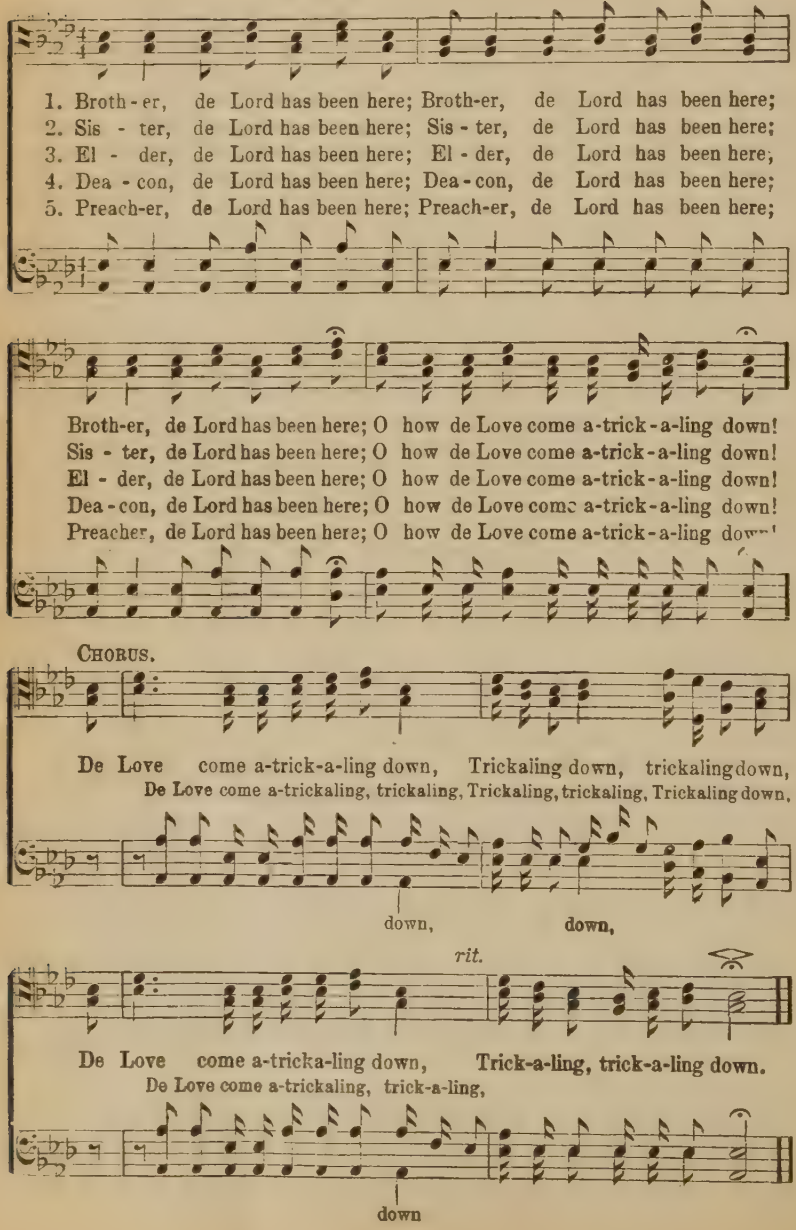
Imitation of a Spiritual.
J. B. Herbert.



132 Until I Reach My Home.

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Arr. for this work.

CHORUS.

Lord, un - til I reach my home, un - til I reach my home, I

FINE.

nev - er 'spect to give the journey o - ver, Un - til I reach my home.

SOLO. *Tenor.**

1. Old Sa-tan's might-y bus - y, He fol - lows me night and day,
2. Now don't you mind old Sa - tan, Wid all his tempt - in' charms,
3. When ly - in' at hell's dark door, no one to pit - y me,

D. C.

An ev - 'ry time I go to pray, I find him in my way.
He wants to steal your soul a - way, An' fold you in his arms.
The Lord He comes a - rid - in' by, An' bought my lib - er - ty.

*For variety, let bass sing 2nd verse as indicated by small notes.

Somebody's Knocking.

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J. B. Herbert.

Imitation of Freedman's Spiritual.

Some-bod-y's knock-ing at your door, knocking; Some-bo-dy's

knock-ing at your door..... O sin-ner, why don't you answer?

pp FINE

Some-bod-y's knocking at your door. Knocking, knock-ing.
door.....

1. Sounds like Je-sus knocking, knocking; Somebod-y's knocking at your door;
2. Don't you hear Him knocking, knocking? Somebody's knocking at your door;
3. An - swer Je-sus' knocking, knocking! Somebody's knocking at your door;
4. Je - sus calls you, knocking, knocking; Somebody's knocking at your door;

D. C.

Sounds like Je-sus knocking, knocking: Somebody's knocking at your door.
Don't you hear Him knocking, knocking! Somebody's knocking at your door.
An - swer Je-sus' knocking, knocking, Somebody's knocking at your door.
Je - sus calls you, knocking, knocking, Somebody's knocking at your door.

Swing Low.

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Arr. for this work.

1st Tenor.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Coming for to car-ry me home, Swing

2nd Tenor.

Hum..... Coming for to car-ry me home.....

rit e dim. *pp* FINE.

low, sweet char - i - ot, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.

..... Com-ing for to car-ry me home.

1. I looked o-ver Jor-dan, what did I see, Com-ing for to car-ry me home?
2. If you get there be - fore I do, Com-ing for to car-ry me home;
3. I'm sometimes up, I'm some-times down, Com-ing for to car-ry me home;

Hum.....

D. C.

A band of an-gels com-ing aft-er me, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
Tell all my friends I'm com - ing, too, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
But still my soul feels heaven-ward bound, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.

Hum.....

135 The Downward Road is Crowded.

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Words arr. by H. B. J.

J. B. Herbert.
Imitation of Freedmen's Song.

Rather slow and solemn.

O the downward road is crowd-ed, is crowd-ed, is crowd-ed,

The down-ward road is crowd-ed with un - be-liev-ing souls,

dim - - - e - - - rit. FINE.

With poor, lost, sin - ful souls, With poor, lost sin - ful souls.
souls.

1. Now take and read your Bi - ble, And read it thro' and thro',
2. The broad road to de-struc-tion Is an eas - y road to find;
3. The road that leads to glo - ry, It is a nar - row way;

D. C.

And ev - 'ry word you read there, You'll find it gos - pel true.
The Dev - il, he'll go with you, And not leave you be - hind.
And few there be that find it; That's what the Bi - ble say.

Secular Selections.

136 Workers and Shirkers.

Suggested by the poem "Lifting and Leaning" by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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J. B. Herbert.

DUET. *Tenors.*

1. Two class - es of men we have all of us seen,
   They are no more a - like than a pearl and a bean;
2. You'll find them in school, 'mong the girls and the boys,
   Look how poor moth - er works, day and night with a will;
3. You'll find a - mong strong men who work by the day,
   You'll find a - mong church mem - bers some who will work;
4. Yes, you'll find just a few in the church - es to - day,
   O don't be so sel - fish, and lit - tle and mean;

Basses.

The fel - lows who lift, and the fel - lows who lean,
The fel - lows who lift, and the fel - lows who lean.
And the do - lit - tle ones al - ways make the most noise.
And the girls in the par - lor, dressed up fit to kill!
That man - y are weak while the boss is a - way;
But a good man - y more who do noth - ing but shirk.
Who are read - y to sac - ri - fice, la - bor and pray:
But learn to help lift, and not on - ly to lean.

CHORUS.

O the two kinds of peo - ple that we have all seen,

With intense energy. *ff* *m Slowly and languidly.* *

Are the work-ers, who lift, and the shirk-ers, who lean.

*For the word "lift" vitalize muscles and clench fists as if lifting.
And for the word "lean" relax and lean against each other.

137 Mother Grinding Coffee.

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ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY J. B. HERBERT.

L. W. Smith. J. B. Herbert.

1. On a clear and frost - y morn - ing as I wan - der down the street,
2. I can see the ta - ble stand-ing near with ev - 'ry - thing in place;

Melody.

3. I can see my fa - ther com - ing in with snow-flakes covered o'er,
4. But a home-less, friendless wan-d'rer now, of ev - 'ry-thing be - reft:

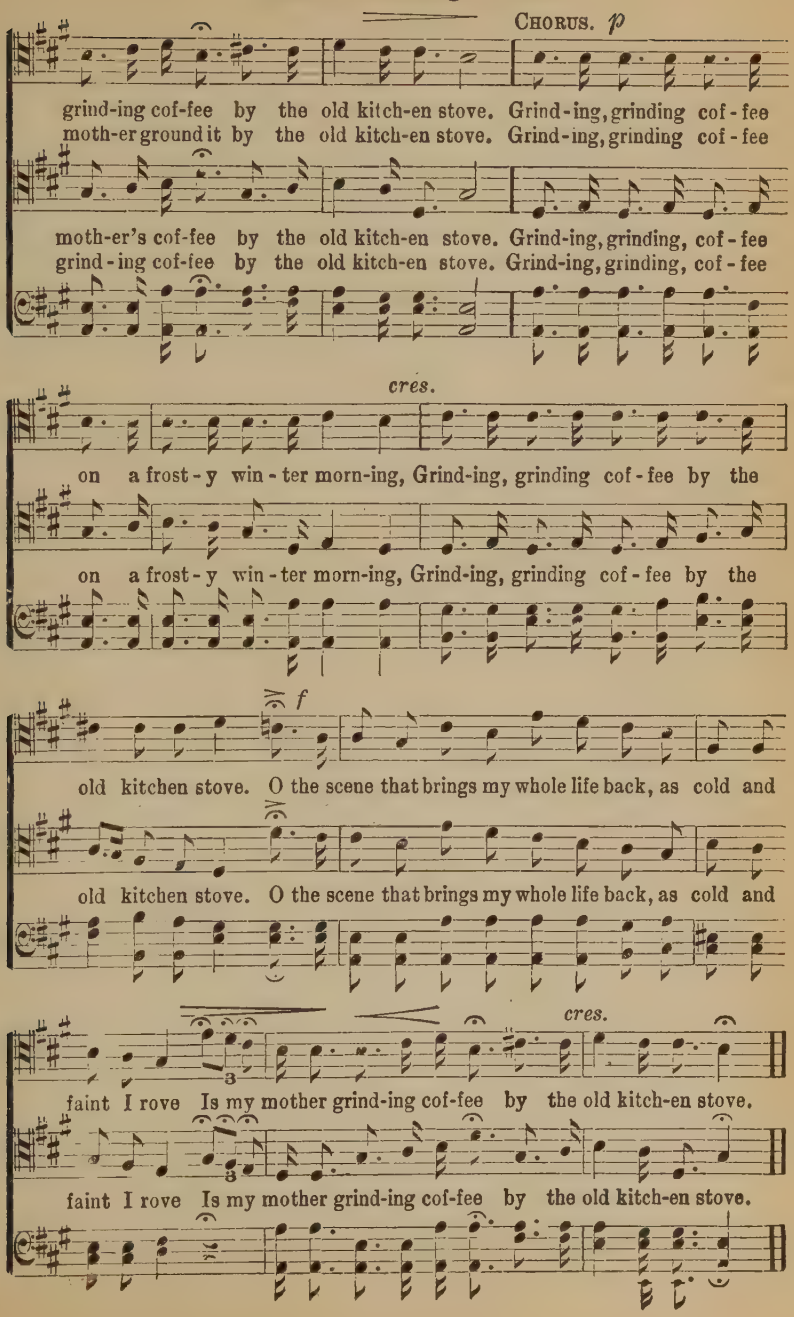
And my ap - pe-tite is call - ing loud for something warm to eat; A most
And the plate of crisp - y dough-nuts wear a most fa - mil - iar face; But the

And the wave of frost - y air but made our com-fort seem the more; Oh, to
Aft-er struggling hard with toil and care there's on - ly mem-'ry left; And the

tan - ta-liz - ing picture comes wher-e'er I chance to rove Of my mother
fragrance of that cof - fee seems to fol - low where I rove, Fresh as when my

see that hap-py place a-gain, how far these feet would rove Just to taste my
scene that brings my whole life back, as cold and faint I rove, Is my moth-er

Mother Grinding Coffee.



138 I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Claribel.
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1st Tenor.

1. I can-not sing the old songs I sang long years a-go, For heart and voice would

2nd Tenor. Melody.

2. I can-not sing the old songs; Their charm is sad and deep; Their mel-o-dies would
3. I can-not sing the old songs, For visions come a-gain Of gold-en dreams de-

1st and 2nd Bass.

Hum.....

fail me, And foolish tears would flow: For by-gone hours come o'er my heart With

wa-ken old sorrows from their sleep; And tho' all un-for-got-ten still, And
part-ed, And years of wea-ry pain: Per-haps when earthly fet-ters all Have

Hum.....

each fa-mil-iar strain; I can-not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a-

sad-ly sweet they be I can-not sing the old songs, They are so dear to
set my spir-it free, My voice may know the old songs For all e-ter-ni-

I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.

rit e dim.

gain; I can-not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a-gain.

me. I can-not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.
ty; My voice may know the old songs, For all e-ter-ni-ty.

139 The Old Folks.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER

Woodbury, arr.

1. Bat-tling with life? Mid care and strife, The dail-y round of toil I un-der-
2. Long years have gone Since in the morn Of life I heard the riv-er's gen-tle
3. Dell, hill and tree, Flow'r, bird and bee. All as of yore make mu-sic sweet and

f

go; Yet mem-'ry will wander, Fonder and fond-er, To the dear old folks I
flow; And oft mem-'ry lin-gers As point Time's fingers The dear old folks I
low; And tho' on earth riv'n, I hope to meet in heav'n The dear old folks I

p *rall.*

loved long a-go, To the dear old folks I loved long a-go.
loved long a-go, Yes, the dear old folks I loved long a-go.
loved long a-go, Meet the dear old folks I loved long a-go. (long ago.)

140 Deck the Hall With Holly.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Welsh air.
Arr. for this work.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

1. Deck the hall with boughs of hol - ly, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
2. See the blaz-ing yule be-fore us, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
3. Fast a - way the old year pass-es, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

'Tis the sea-son to be jol - ly, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
Strike the harp and join the chor-us; Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
Hail the new, ye lads and lass-es, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Don we now our gay ap-par - el, Troll the an-cient Christmas car - ol,
Fol - low me in mer - ry measure, While I tell of Christmas treasure,
Sing we joy-ous - ly to-geth - er, Heed-less of the wind and weather,

Troll the an-cient Christmas car - ol, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
While I tell of Christmas treas-ure, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
Heed-less of the wind and weath-er, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

The 'Phone Bell.

Newark News.

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J. B. Herbert.

1. She ran to cook his pan-cakes, And the 'phone bell rang.
2. She tried to dress the chil-dren, And the 'phone bell rang.
3. The groc-er stopped for or-ders, And the 'phone bell rang.
4. All day the housework wait-ed, And the 'phone bell rang.

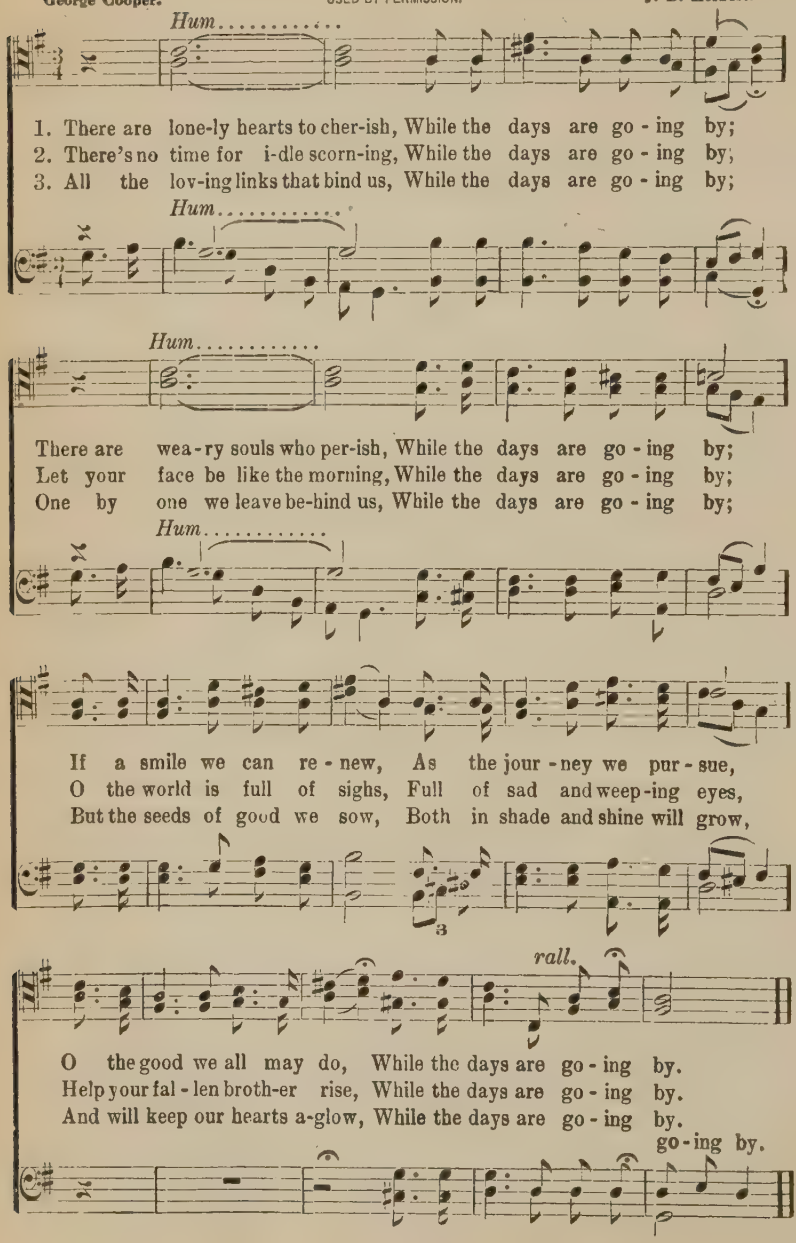
She rushed to start the cof-fee, And the 'phone bell rang.
She went to wash the dish-es, And the 'phone bell rang.
A neigh-bor came for gos-sip, And the 'phone bell rang.
No time to rest or la-bor, When the 'phone bell rang.

Break-fast, he went with-out it; "Good-bye," they had to shout it;
The par-lor need-ed dust-ing, The chaf-ing dish was rust-ing,
She thought by be-ing hast-y She'd make some bis-cuits tast-y,
At last he came to fold her With-in his arms, he told her;

She would have wept about it, But the 'phone bell be-gan to ring. r-r-r-r-r-ring!
The sil-verware disgusting, But the 'phone bell be-gan to ring. r-r-r-r-r-ring!
Her hands with dough were pasty, And the 'phone bell be-gan to ring. r-r-r-r-r-ring!
A sec-ond he consoled her, And the 'phone bell be-gan to ring. r-r-r-r-r-ring!

142 While the Days Are Going By.

George Cooper. USED BY PERMISSION. J. B. Herbert.



143 Pulling Hard.

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Words arr. J. B. Herbert.

1. Do your best for one an - oth - er, Mak-ing life a pleas-ant dream;
2. If the wind is in your fa - vor, And you've weathered ev-'ry squall;
3. Some suc-ceed at ev - 'ry turn-ing, For-tune fa-vors ev - 'ry scheme;
4. Don't give way to fool - ish sor - row, Time will bring a just re-ward;

Help a worn and wea - ry broth-er, Pull-ing hard a-gainst the stream.
Think of those whose luck-less la - bor, Nev - er get fair wind at all.
Oth - ers too, tho' more de-serv-ing, Have to pull a-gainst the stream.
Nev - er care or trou-ble bor - row, But just keep on pull-ing hard.

CHORUS.

Pull-ing hard, pull-ing hard, pull-ing hard a - gainst the stream!

Pull-ing hard, pull-ing hard, pull-ing hard a - gainst the stream!

Movement of arms in imitation of rowing will be effective; pull at each pulse marked

144 Way Back On Mem'ry's Wall.

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Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

Irish Melody
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1st Tenor. (*Melody in 2nd tenor.*)

1. Way back on mem'ry's wall, are old fa-mil - iar pla - ces;

2nd Tenor.

2. Way back on mem'ry's wall, To - night my thoughts are turn - ing;
3. Thoughts bring from yonder past, Words that long since were spo - ken;

1st and 2nd Bass.

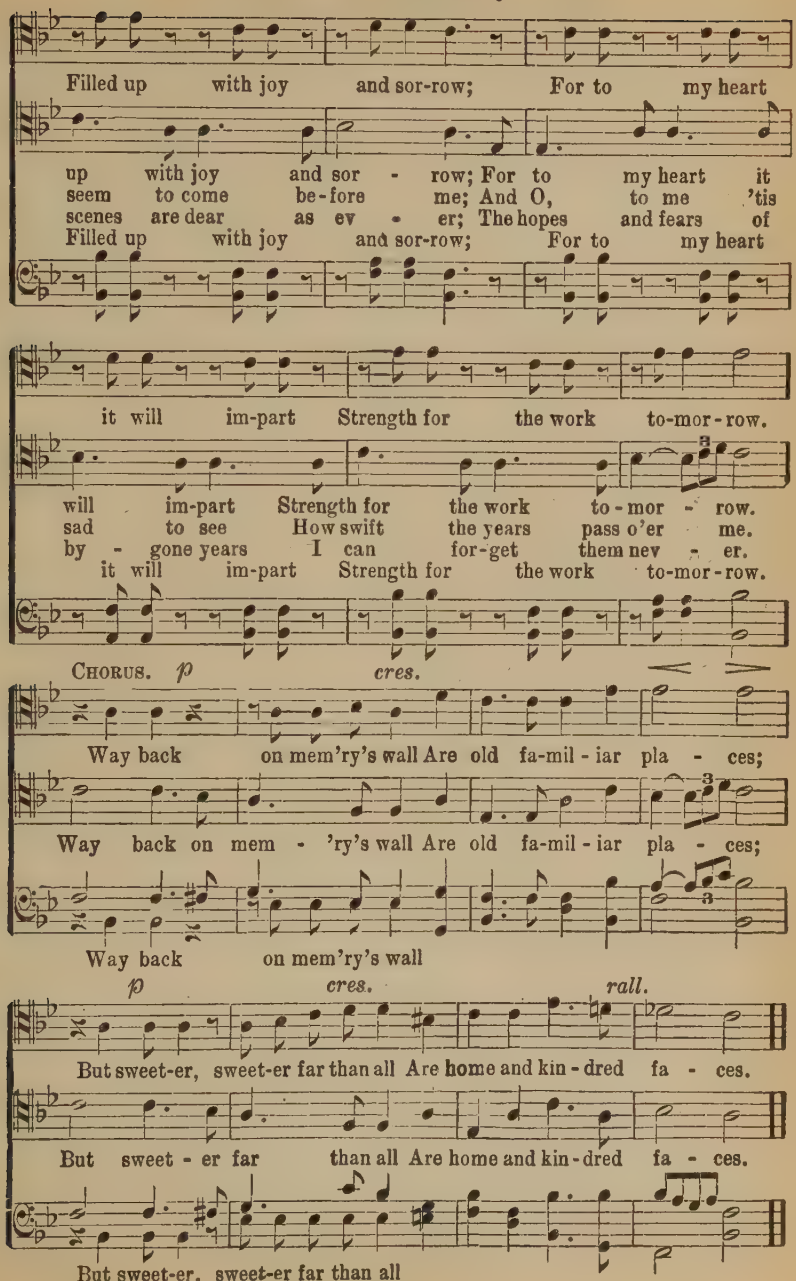
But sweet - er far than all Are home and kin - dred fa - ces.

And scenes that I re-call, Like al - tar fires are burn - ing.
And I re - call at last, Vows that long since were bro - ken.

(1) O let me gaze on those old days,

O let me gaze on those old days, Filled
The days of youth, of love and truth, All
But still I find that to my mind, Those
(1) O let me gaze on those old days,

Way Back On Mem'ry's Wall.



145 Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

Arr. for this work.

1st Tenor. *p*

1. Rocked in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;

2nd Tenor.

2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine:

1st and 2nd Bass.

Se-cure I rest up-on the wave..... For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to

Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath,.....Roused me from sleep, to wreck and

up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, O
its fi-ery breath, Roused me from sleep, from

save I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
In o-cean caves, still safe with Thee,

death: I know Thou wilt not, wilt not slight my call,
In o-cean caves, still safe, still safe with Thee,

Lord hast pow'r to save;
sleep to wreck and death:

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

p

For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall: And calm and peace-
The germ of im-mor-tal-i - ty,

For Thou dost mark, dost mark the sparrow's fall. And calm and peace-
The germ, the germ of im-mor-tal-i - ty.

ful is my sleep..... Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep; And calm and

ful is my sleep, is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the deep, And calm and
sleep..... of the deep;

rit. *rall.*

peace-ful is my sleep the deep.

peaceful is my sleep, is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
sleep..... the cra-dle of the deep.

Sometime, Somewhere.

A. W. S. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY THE FODEHEAVER CO. Arthur W. Spooner.

1. An - gels are al - ways sing - ing, Somewhere, somewhere, Joy-bells are
2. Peace like a riv - er is flow - ing, Somewhere, somewhere, God His full
3. Home is a - wait-ing God's chil-dren, Somewhere, somewhere, Bright golden

ev - er ring-ing, Somewhere, somewhere; Somewhere the sun is shin-ing,
par-don be-stow-ing, Somewhere, somewhere; O - ver the hill-tops of glo - ry,
crowns will be giv-en, Somewhere, somewhere; Then the glad harps will be sounding

E - ven in dark-est night; Cease then your sad re - pin-ing, Soon will your
Shine the fair streets of gold; Won - der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry, Nev-er has
Round the white throne on high; Heav-en with praises re-sound-ing, Nev-er-more

CHORUS.

sky be bright.
half been told. Some-time,... Some-where,.. God will make all come
pain or sigh. Some-time, Some-where,

right,... Sometime,.. Somewhere,... Skies will be al-ways bright.
right, come right, Sometime, somewhere, up there,

Break, Break!

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Tennyson. J. B. Herbert.

mf

1. Break, break, break! O break on thy cold gray stones, O sea!.....
2. Break, break, break! O break at the foot of thy crags, O sea!.....

m

And I would that my tongue could ut - ter..... The thoughts that
But the ten - der grace of a day that is dead Will nev - er

And I would that my tongue could ut - ter..... The tho'ts that
But the ten-der grace of a day that is dead Will nev - er

rit e dim. a tempo.

a - rise in me..... O well for the fisherman's boy That he shouts with his
come back to me.....And the state - ly ships go on To their ha - ven

f

sis-ter at play! O well for the sail - or, sail - or lad That he sings in his
un-der the hill: But O for the touch of a van-ished hand, And the sound of a

pp

boat on the bay! Break, break, O break on thy cold gray stones, O sea!.....
voice that is still! Break, break, O break at the foot of thy crags, O sea!.....

Love's Young Dream.

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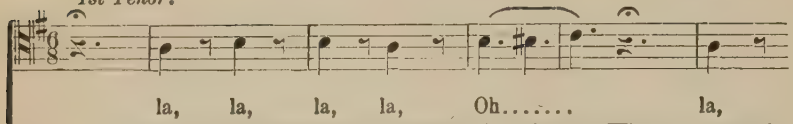
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

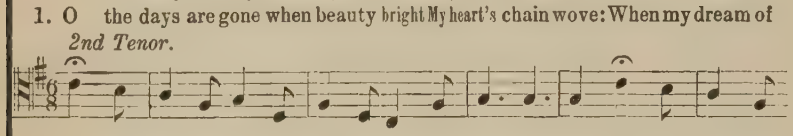
1st Tenor.



la, la, la, la, Oh..... la,

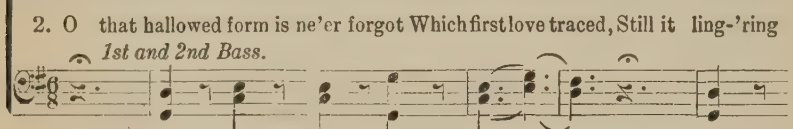
1. O the days are gone when beauty bright My heart's chain wove: When my dream of

2nd Tenor.

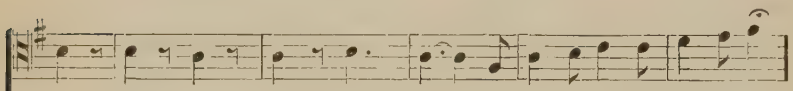


2. O that hallowed form is ne'er forgot Which first love traced, Still it ling-'ring

1st and 2nd Bass.

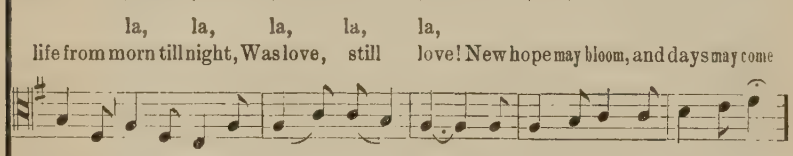


La, la, la, la, Oh..... la,

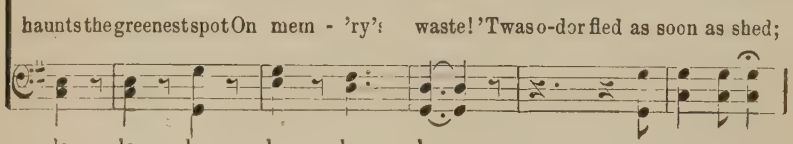


la, la, la, la, la,

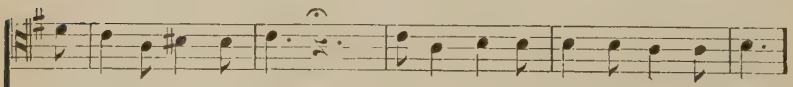
life from morn till night, Was love, still love! New hope may bloom, and days may come



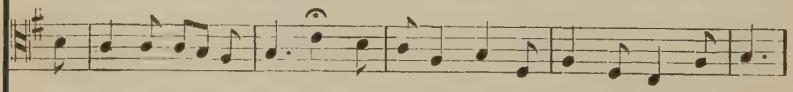
haunts the greenest spot On mem - 'ry's waste! 'Twas o-dor fled as soon as shed;



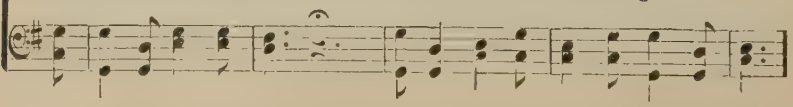
la, la, la, la, la, la,



Of mild-er, calm-er beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's



'Twas morning's winged dream! 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's



Love's Young Dream.

rall.

young dream! O there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream!

dull stream! O 'twas light that ne'er can shine a-gain On life's dull stream!

149 Hush! Be Still As a Mouse.*

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Mrs. Mary Hart. J. B. Herbert.

REFRAIN. *Andante.*

Hush! be still as a mouse! Hush! be still as a mouse! There's a

rall. FINE.

ba - by, There's a ba - by, There's a ba - by in our house!

Allegretto. m D. C.

1. { He's a handsome fel - low, too, With his eyes so bright and blue; Cheeks so sweet, and ros - y lips, Daint - y hands and fin - ger tips. }
2. { Now he's learn - ing ev - 'ry day, Some sweet look or pret - ty way; Try - ing hard to make us see, Ba - by loves as well as we! }
3. { Then step soft - ly while he sleeps, For you know an an - gel keeps Ho - ly watch a - round his bed, Where the ba - by lays his head. }

*Quartet may tip-toe on and off the stage as they sing the refrain—one step to a measure.

150

It Isn't Raining Rain.

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Robert Loveman.

J. N. Rodeheaver.
Arr. for Male Voices by
J. B. Herbert.

mp

1. It is-n't rain-ing rain to me, It's raining daff- o - dils;
2. It is-n't rain-ing rain to me, to me, It's raining clo - ver bloom, daff - o - dils; clo-ver bloom,

In ev - 'ry dimpled drop I see Wild flowers on the hills.
Where ev - 'ry buc-ca-neer-ing bee I see May find a bed and room. each bee the hills. and room.

The clouds of gray en - gulf the day, And o - ver-whelm the
A health un - to the hap - py! A fig for him who

town (the town). It is - n't rain-ing rain to me!
frets (who frets)! It is - n't rain - ing rain to me!

f *rit. e dim.* *pp*

1. It's rain - ing ros - es down, It's rain - ing ros - es, ros - es down.
2. It's rain - ing vi - o - lets, It's rain - ing, rain - ing vi - - o - lets.
1. It's rain - ing ros - es down, It's rain - ing ros - es down.
2. It's rain - ing vi - o - lets, It's rain - ing vi - o - lets.

151 Fairy Moonlight.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Rewritten for this work.

1. Queen of the si - lent night, Yield thy pen - sive light;
2. Beam from thy throne on high, Robed in az - ure dye.

Hap - pi - ly in thy sil - ver ray, Pass we the hours a - way.
Must we not love thee, still moon-light? Hail to thee, Queen of night!

mf CHORUS. *mp*

Fair - y moon - light, Fair - y moon - light, Fair - y
Fair - y moon -

mf *mp*

fair - y, fair - y moon - light. Fair - y moon - light, fair - y
- - - - light.

p *rall.* *pp*

moon - light, Fair - y, fair - y, fair - y moon-light.
Fair - y moon - - - - - light.

152 Rocking On the Billows.

H. S. Taylor. USED BY PERMISSION. Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1. I am rock-ing on the bil-lows of the deep, Where the winds and waves a
And my soul it swells with thoughts as glad and free, As the rest-less, heav-ing
2. On the shore my dar-ling waits and looks for me, And her love has laid a
And the wind that whips the wa-ters wild to foam, On-ly drives my speed-ing
3. O ye snow-y gulls a mes-sage bear for me, To my dar-ling as she
Tell her that my heart for her doth fond-ly leap, Like the storm-y, heav-ing

con-stant cho-rus keep. While my bark is borne a-long the sweeping tide,
bil-lows of the sea. And the foam-y waves sa-lute me as I ride,
charm up-on the sea; Blow, O blow ye winds, and fill the lag-ging sail,
ves-sel near-er home. For my heart im-pa-tient flies be-fore the gale,
waits be-side the sea; Speed my bark and cleave a pathway thro' the foam,
bil-lows of the deep. Fly ye winds and tell my dar-ling that I come,

I am rock-ing on the bil-lows of the deep..... deep.

CHORUS.

I am rock-ing on the bil-lows Rock-ing on the bil-lows, rocking, rocking,

Rock-ing on the bil-lows of the deep.... of the deep.

153 Until We Stop the Brewing.

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Rene Bronner. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Un - til we stop the brewing, we don't know what they're doing–This town or
2. Un - til we stop the brewing, we don't know what they're doing– No whiskey
3. Un - til we stop the brewing, 'most anything they're do - ing–The boys down

that may seem to be A place where all from drink are free, You'll wake and say "it
sign up - on the door, No keep-er there the stuff to pour, But they will get it
town of evenings go, The husbands take a stroll, you know, And where they drink we'll

CHORUS.

cannot be, un - til we stop the brewing."
as be-fore, un - til we stop the brew-ing. Un - til we stop the brew-ing—No
nev-er know un - til we stop the brew-ing.

town is ev - er dry; It may be called a "temp'rance" town, And win a medal

of renown—But all the while (just put it down) They drink it on the sly.

Prohibition Band Wagon.

J. B. H.

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J. B. Herbert.

1. { O de Pro - hi - bi - tion Band Wag-on's ròll - in' right a - long;
   { If you want to hear de shout - in', and jine us in de song;

2. { Brud-der, what you do - in' down dar wid all dat whis - key crew?
   { Git right up here in de Band Wag - on, dat's de place for you;

3. { O you weak-kneed pol - i - ti - cian, jes' take a hint from me;
   { Be a man, or be a mon - key dat climb up in de tree;

4. { If dey's a - ny hes - i - tat - in', or doubt-in' Chris-tian lef',
   { O you ought to be a-shamed, and go off an' drown yo' - se'f.

Git in de wag - on, Don't hang a - long be - hin'.

f

Git in, git in de Pro - hi - bi - tion Band Wag-on; Git in, git in, Don't

1 2

h ng a - long be - hin'; O, hang a - long be-hin', Don't hang a-long be - hin'.

*

*Last time, Bass very slow; others leave stage.

It Will Get You.

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James Rowe. J. B. Herbert.

1. You're tak - ing just a glass a day, And may - be on the sly, on the sly,
2. One glass will lead to five or ten, As oft it has be - fore; has be-fore;
3. The risk it can - not be de - nied, Is ve - ry, ve - ry great! ve - ry great;

"I need it for my nerves," you say, 'Twill get you by and by. by and by.
And those who brew the poi-son then, Will have one vic - tim more. vic - tim more.
Come o - ver to the bet - ter side Be - fore it is too late. is too late.

CHORUS.

'Twill get you, by and by, my friend, You know it, so do I;

slower.

Un-less you've grit e-nough to quit, 'Twill get you, get you, by and by.

Comrades in the Conflict.

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Arr. for this work from the German.

Anon.

1. O my com-rades in this con-flict of the fight a-gainst the wrong,
2. We are com - ing we are com-ing, for the light has dawned at last;

To the bat-tle of the bal - lots come with shout-ing and with song;
Hark! the bat-tle-cry is ring - ing, and our lines are length'ning fast,

This, O this shall be our slo - gan as the le-gions march a - long,
For our God and home and native land shall our bal - lots all be cast,
This, O this shall be our slo-gan as the legions march a - long, Yes,
For our God and home and na-tive land our ballots shall be cast, Yes,

long: Saloons must go, Sa-loons must go!
cast: Saloons must go, Saloons must go! The whis-ky

D.C. to 2nd stanza.

The whis-ky shops, The whis-ky shops must go!
shops, The whis-ky shops, they must go, must go!

Comrades in the Conflict.

After 2d stanza.

O my com-rades in the con-flict of the right a - gainst the wrong,

To the bat - tle of the bal - lots come with shout-ing and with song:

Sa-loons must go, Sa-loons must go! The whis - ky
Saloons must go, Saloons must go! The whisky shops have got to go! Saloons must go, Sa-

1 2 *f*

shops have got to go! go! They've got to go, ...
loons must go! The whisky shops must go, must go! go! They've got to

ff

.....They've got to go! .....Saloons must go! They've got to go, to go!
go! They've got to go!

Special Selections.

157 Launch Thy Bark, Mariner!

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Caroline B. Southey. J. B. Herbert.

m Allegro moderato.

Launch thy bark, mariner! Christian, Heav'n speed thee, Let loose the rud-der bands!

Good an-gels lead thee! Set thy sails wa-ri - ly, tempests will come; Steer thy course

home.....

stead -i-ly! Christian, steer home! { Look to the weather bow, breakers are round thee! / Let fall the plummet now, shadows may ground thee! }

home.....

cres. *mp Andante.*

{ Reef in the fore-sail there, hold the helm fast! / So— let the ves-sel wear! there swept the blast. } What of the night, watchman?

m

What of the night? "Cloudy—all qui-et—no land yet—all's right." Be wakeful, be

Launch Thy Bark, Mariner!

rit.

vig - i - lant, dan-ger may be At an hour when all seemeth se-cur-est to thee.

p *agitato.*

How—gains the leak so fast? clear out the hold!
Hoist up thy mer-chandise,—heave out the gold!
There let the in - gots go!

now the ship rights: Hur - rah! the har-bor's near,—lo, the red lights!

cres. *ff*

Slack-en not sail yet at in - let or is-land,
Straight for the beacon steer, straight for the highland;
Crowd all thy can - vas on,

slower. *dim.*

cut thro' the foam, Chris-tian! cast an - chor now; Heav'n is thy home!

158 Behold I Show You a Mystery.

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J. B. Herbert.

1. Cor. 15:51,52.

Deliberately.

A mys - ter - y

Be - hold, I show you a mys - ter - y..... We shall

p

Not all sleep, ...l be chang - ed,

not all sleep,..... But we shall all be chang - ed,

Agitato. p

In a mo-ment, in a mo - ment, in the twink-ling of an eye,

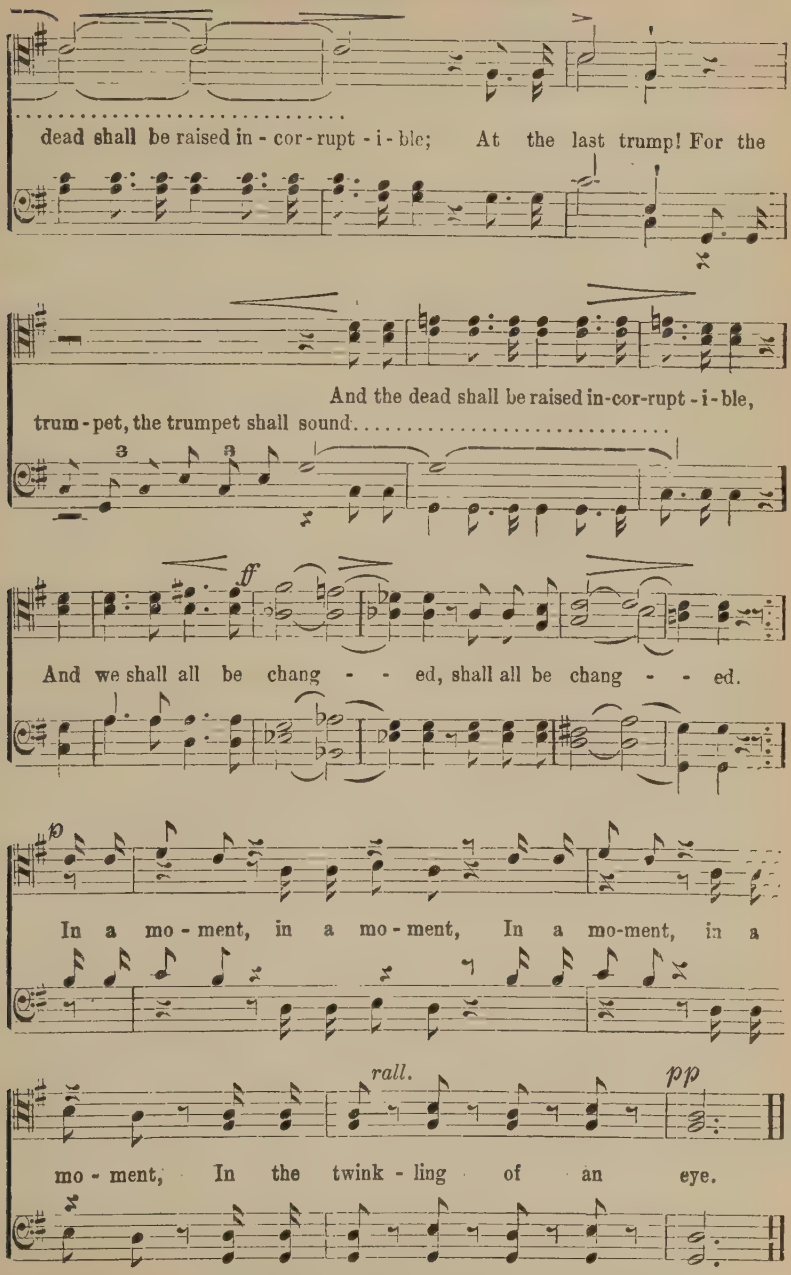
cres.

In a mo-ment, in a mo-ment, in the twink-ling of an eye,

f

At the last trump! For the trum-pet, the trum-pet shall sound..... And the

Behold I Show You a Mystery.



159 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

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1st Tenor.

2nd Tenor.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and love up - on my way,

1st and 2nd Bass.

m

time..
way..

cres *f*

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers 'round its head sub-lime.

From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds new lus - tre to the day.

.....
.....

m

When the woes..... of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-
Bane and bless - - ing, pain and pleas - ure, By the

When the woes of life o'er - take me,
Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas - ure,

In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

cres.

ceive..... and fears an-noy, Nev-er shall.... the cross for-
cross..... are sanc-ti-fied; Peace is there.... that knows no

cres.

Hopes de-ceive and fears an-noy, Nev-er shall the
By the cross are sanc-ti-fied, Peace is there that

f

sake me. Lo! it glows with peace and joy. Lo! it
measure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide; Joys that

f

cross for-sake me, Lo! it glows with peace and joy. Lo! it glows.....
knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide; Joys that thro'.....

ff

glows with peace and joy, Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
thro' all time a-bide, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

ff

..... with peace and joy, Lo! it glows..... with peace and joy.
..... all time a-bide, Joys that thro'..... all time a-bide.

160 Out of the Storm.

Lizzie De Armond.

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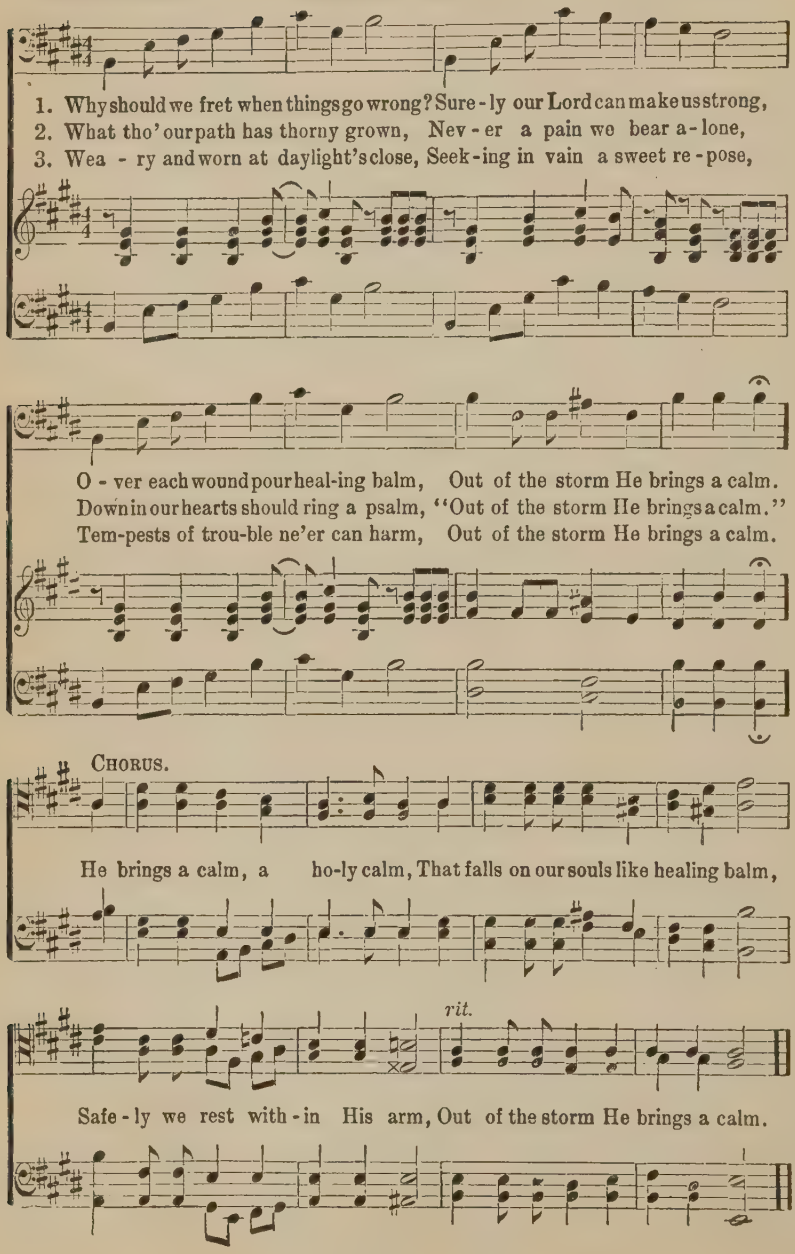
Chas. H. Gabriel.



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